After the Dock Strike by G. D. H. COLE

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The Crisis of Working-class Leadership

Those who assume comfortably that "everything is settled" by the dockers' return to work underestimate the critical nature of the issue which underlay the dock stoppage. The immediate cause of the strike may have seemed trivial, and the "victory" claimed by the strikers on the question of "voluntary" overtime a Pyrrhic one. The significant feature of the whole dispute is the fact that, by first leading the dockers out and then leading them back to work, Mr. Barrett successfully staged a vote of "no confidence" in the official leadership of his mammoth rival.

What drove 32,000 members of the Transport & General Workers to defy their leaders and support the Stevedores? In an article which we print on a later page, Professor G. D. H. Cole analyses the structural defects in the union which have led so many of its members to feel a deep-rooted suspicion that Mr. Deakin and his officials have ceased to be their real representatives. Mr. Deakin's response to this rebellion was symptomatic of a disease which apparently afflicts all the leaders of the Labour movement, industrial and political. First he denounced the Stevedores as "the spearhead of a Communist conspiracy" and persuaded the T.U.C. to suspend them for "poaching." Then he denounced *Tribune*, and—again through the good offices of the T.U.C.—persuaded the Labour Party Executive to threaten disciplinary action against its editorial board. Mr. Michael Foot, Miss Jennie Lee and Mr. Mallalieu have been peremptorily ordered to explain how their publication of an article criticising Mr. Deakin's handling of the strike is compatible with their membership of the Labour Party.

What never seems to strike the official leaders, either of the unions or of the Labour Party, is that the strength of any minority movement provides a rough measure of their own failings. If it is a fact—as it is—that a goodly number of Communists have entrenched themselves as rank-and-file leaders of the dockers and the busmen, it is safe to assume that the officials of the T. & G.W. have fallen down on their job. If *Tribune's* views of the relative merits of Mr. Deakin and Mr. Barrett are more acceptable to Socialists than those of the official leaders of the Parliamentary Party, then those official leaders should examine their own consciences. Why do their arguments carry less conviction in the Labour Party than those of a struggling weekly periodical? And if those associated with this periodical are elected year after year as the representatives of constituency parties on the National Executive, whereas Mr. Morrison and Mr. Gaitskell dare not even compete in this election, does not the reason lie in a crisis of confidence for which the official leadership bears some responsibility?

We accept, of course, the fact that any great trade union and any political party must have rules of discipline and, in the last resort, when persuasion has failed, must be prepared to enforce them against disruptive elements. We do not, for instance, blame the Labour Party for trying to get rid of those Trotskyist elements which in some parts of the country have been wrecking the local organisations—though even here the ponderous ban on associating with *Socialist Outlook* was a thoroughly illiberal method of dealing with a minor problem of discipline. What profoundly alarms us is the readiness of the T.U.C. and the Labour Executive to label every rank-and-file initiative as disruptive, and to use the big stick against its unofficial leaders as soon as they open their mouths. By treating the trouble in the docks as a Communist plot, Mr. Deakin is merely driving the unofficial leadership of the rank-and-file dockers into the arms of the Communists. If the Labour Party leaders discipline the editors of *Tribune* for joining with almost every other newspaper in criticising Mr. Deakin, they will not thereby help the T. & G.W. to put its house in order, but merely widen still further the gap between leadership and active workers in union branches and constituency parties.

The Eisenhower Election

President Eisenhower has failed to preserve control of Congress for his party, but he has saved it from the overwhelming defeat that seemed probable earlier in the campaign. With his permission—and in the last two weeks with his support—Mr. Nixon has staged a bitter offensive all over the U.S., with particular success in the Middle and Far West, attacking the Democrats as "warmongers" and presenting the Republicans as the peace party. This seems to have been more effective than anti-Communism—though a number of Democrats denounced as "soft" towards Communism have fallen behind their party's average gain—and, as in 1952, the Republicans have shown that a skilful combination of intransigence and isolationism pays electoral dividends. It has not sufficed to offset normal mid-term losses, or the local appeal of the Democrats on such issues as unemployment, public power, water conservation and farm prices. It has been enough, however, to check the Democratic landslide that seemed likely. The President's personal appeal remains strong, and he has managed to get the Republicans to mobilise a larger vote of the party faithful than is normal for the party in power at mid-term. A good many Republican diehards must have successfully camouflaged themselves as the "President's men." This conclusion is supported by the fact that the Democrats have done rather better on the State and local levels—where the President's prestige and national issues have less impact than in the races for Congress. One result is that the President may find the new Congress more amenable and more ready to follow the lead of the White House.

Certainly, the election results are unlikely to cause much change in U.S. foreign policy, at least in the next year, for the forces which shape it have not been divided on party lines. In both parties there are internationalists and isolationists, China lobbyists and Europe-firsters, co-existers and preventive warriors. The results are most likely to confirm the Administration in its present course of armed hostility towards Communism, but no war with the Communist States. If this power struggle with the U.S.S.R. continues, it is equally unlikely that there will be much relaxation in the present pressure on civil liberties; one is the complement of the other, as Dr. Balogh shows in an article from New York that appears on a later page.

Prospect for Pensions

The Labour Party has failed to secure emergency relief for retirement pensioners; even to give a Christmas bonus of one pound, Mr. Peake argued on Monday, would cost £4,750,000, and so the country must wait for the "boldest operation ever" when the Government announces its plans later this year. Labour is united in desiring to help pensioners and others who depend on social security benefits. The Government's scheme, however, may well provoke a new and important argument within the Labour Party. It seems certain to be based on an increase in contributions, nominally to preserve the alleged "actuarial soundness" of the National Insurance Fund, to maintain the fiction that the scheme is in fact "insurance," and to cater for the growing claim of pensions upon the Fund.

At Brighton the T.U.C. agreed in principle to higher contributions, provided that the Exchequer grant to the Fund is restored to its pre-1950 proportion. The orthodox financial spokesmen of the Labour Party will be ready to take the same position. Yet the case for higher contributions is based on one of the false assumptions of the Beveridge Plan which the Labour Movement accepted too uncritically. While admitting that his Scheme was not genuine insurance, and that there was no reason except tradition why it should be financed by a mixture of a regressive poll-tax, an employment tax and a grant from general revenue, Lord Beveridge insisted that it was morally and socially preferable that people should believe that they were paying insurance premiums rather than taxes.

There is no reason why a Socialist party should, *a priori*, accept this argument. If contributions were kept at their present level, increased expenditure would have to be met out of general revenue—and, as much of this is raised by progressive taxation, it would thereby work towards a redistribution of income. The money has to be raised either way; the question is which is the better way? This is only one of the arguments which will be heard when the Government's plans are announced. Before the Labour Party commits itself to higher contributions, it should again consider whether it wants to accept the present structure of social security as inviolate. There is a growing feeling that the Labour Movement is being led down the wrong turning by the "actuarial liberalism" of Beveridge.

Confusion on the Railways

In the course of Monday's debate on the railway reorganisation plan the Government spokesmen—Mr. Boyd-Carpenter and Mr. Molson—seemed more concerned to stress the magnitude of the projected capital expenditure than to justify the Area Boards which are to be somehow interposed between the Transport Commission and the Area Managers. The proposed Boards, it appears, are to do nearly all the spending, up to a total of about £445 millions, on putting the railway system on a sound foundation; but they are to consist of spare-time members, appointed on personal grounds rather than for any technical qualifications. Mr. Callaghan rightly observed that so heavy a responsibility ought not to be placed on bodies of amateurs, and that the entire scheme ran counter to the basic principle of sound business organisation, which requires a clear line of command from top to bottom. How are the Area Managers to act as servants both of the Commission and of the Area Boards? The Government's only answer is that no conflict will arise, because both Managers and Boards will be carrying out the Commission's policy. This is nonsense if the Boards are intended really to control the huge programme of capital expenditure and are not to be a mere façade behind which the Commission and the Area Managers will be free to administer the railway service as they think fit. No one denies the need for a big capital investment in modernising the railways or for as much administrative decentralisation as can be made compatible with a properly co-ordinated national plan. But the Area Boards, far from furthering this balance, seem likely, if they function at all, to lead to endless confusion.

British Guiana

The report on British Guiana has at least the merit of candour. The constitution, it argues, cannot be restored in the foreseeable future because the P.P.P. would certainly win the elections and then the deadlock between Ministers and Governor, which precipitated the crisis, would occur all over again. In brief, we cannot permit even a severely limited democratic constitution to function in this British colony, because its inhabitants firmly believe that Communist-inspired self-government is preferable to a continuation of their present misery. Mr. Lennox-Boyd has accepted the Report and talks vaguely about improving conditions in the hope of thereby undermining the popularity of the P.P.P. We can see little reason to believe that he will be successful. Yet it must be admitted that the only practicable alternative to the policy he proposes is fraught also with considerable danger. If British Guiana were given its full freedom under a Jagan Government, would that Government last any longer than that of Colonel Arbenz in neighbouring Guatemala? In the present mood of Mr. Dulles, we very much doubt it. If the only choice is between a continuance of British colonial autocracy and the erection of a stooge anti-Communist Government controlled from Washington, then British Guiana is between the devil and the deep sea.

The Moral of Pondicherry

Since Monday last the Indian flag has flown once more in Pondicherry and the other three small settlements which the French handed back to India. It is a triumph both for India's moderate negotiators and for what Mr. Nehru once described as the "patriotism and political boldness of M. Mèndes-France." But what a reflection it is on the French Socialists and Communists that it should have been left to the present French Prime Minister to settle both the problems of French Indian Settlements and Indo-China! Negotiations on the basis of *de facto* transfer of settlements to India which began in September culminated in a joint declaration on October 13, whereby joint proposals for the future of the settlements were placed before a Congress consisting of members of the Representative Assembly and municipal councils. When these proposals were accepted, the way was paved for the flag-raising ceremony on Monday morning. Goodwill on both sides has achieved this satisfactory settlement. The educational system will continue and a university will be set up to foster the growth of the French language. And the people can opt for either French or Indian nationality. A lesson for President Salazar.

The Death of R. G. E. Willison

Everyone on the staff of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION loved R. G. E. Willison. But his circle of devoted friends extended far beyond this office. He was a remarkable man, modest, unassuming, but strong in his convictions, and exceptionally able. He was born in Dumfries, and early qualified as an engineer. It was his disgust, first with the first World War, and then with conditions in the American motor industry where he worked after it, that led him to the newspaper business. For many years he worked on the managerial staff of this journal, and he used to say that the principal thing to be seen for his labours was the solid list of classified advertisements at the end of the paper. During the second World War he worked with Hugh Weekes and Lord Layton at the Ministry of Supply, and, in 1945, he was offered a permanent senior Civil Service position. He preferred to come back to the paper, and was appointed a Director and Manager of the company, of which Mr. John Roberts is Managing Director. Outside the office, he developed a number of highly individual hobbies. He became an expert horologist, and, with his own hands, built a highly ingenious electric clock. He was also a gardening expert, to whom many people went for advice and help. One of his peculiar achievements was to organise and maintain, particularly during the difficult days of the war, the National Sweet Pea Society. But his most exceptional gift was his genius for friendship amongst a very wide variety of people. It is hoped to arrange a memorial service towards the end of next week: an announcement will be made in *The Times*.

CARDIFF

Parliament for Wales?

Our Welsh Correspondent writes: The Aberdare bye-election was the first test since the Parliament for Wales Campaign began of its influence on the voters. It was not altogether a fair test because the man representing the Campaign's aims was the leader of the Welsh Nationalist Party, Mr. Gwynfor Evans and many a moderate Campaigner would not be seen dead on the same battlefield as a Nationalist. Mr. Evans' achievement in more than doubling the Nationalist vote while the Labour and Tory fell sharply may thus be seen as a remarkable triumph for his cause. It is also a warning to the Labour Party.

Many habitual Labour Party supporters voted for Mr. Evans because they are discontented with the official Party policy for Wales. They would like to see a Welsh Parliament or, at least, more devolution than the Party will promise. The argument that Socialism is international and nationalism reactionary, while agreed to in principle, doesn't really wash well. People can remember occasions when Labour Governments haven't been shy of sacrificing a principle. But it is likely that some Labour supporters voted for Mr. Evans as a gesture against other aspects of Labour Party policy. Many people in the constituency are distressed at the growing strength of the Right Wing and cynical about their leaders' intention or capacity to carry out a Socialist policy. Along with the Labour Party supporters who voted for Mr. Evans for either of these reasons, there were some seven thousand who didn't vote at all. Even allowing for bye-election apathy, it is fair to assume that some of these people abstained as a protest against the party machine.

Commentators have suggested here that this trend may lose the Labour Party some six seats at the next General Election. This is unlikely. When there is no danger of a seat being lost—as at Aberdare—the Socialist will show his discontent. He will not do so if his action will let a Tory in. But the Labour Party can draw little consolation from this if it cares about being a healthy political organism. One day the party policies will become so indistinguishable that the old loyalties will be destroyed. There was widespread delight in South Wales at the Aberdare voting, mainly at the discomfiture of the big boss, at the under-dog having his day—a reaction which ought to be taken seriously by some Party leaders.

MADRID

Political Trials

A Correspondent in Spain writes: Political and religious persecution in Spain is growing. In Madrid, Protestant groups have run into increased official resistance when they wish to apply for licences to practice their faith. There has even been one case of the withdrawal of licence and closing down of a Baptist Church. The Jewish community has also suffered similar difficulties. But the most ruthless case of persecution is that of the Freemasons, whose organisation has been totally outlawed in Spain since the outbreak of the Civil War.

Nineteen Catalan Freemasons were arrested in Barcelona in November of 1952. They have been interned in the prison of Carabanchel, near Madrid, while they await their trial. This was supposed to have begun on October 10 but it was postponed indefinitely at the last minute, without any explanations. The nineteen are distinguished professional and business men, and the only accusation against them is that of having attempted to form a Catalan Masonic Lodge. During the first few weeks in prison they all suffered the indignities and brutality of questioning by the notorious *Policia Armada*. One of them, Dr. Leopoldo Solá Segales, a lawyer, has been subjected to torture. Another of the arrested, Sr. Jose Pladó Más, attempted to commit suicide by jumping out of a window but only succeeded in breaking his legs. After a period in hospital, he was returned to prison, where he is now being held in the psychiatric ward. The prosecution is asking for penalties ranging between twelve and thirty years in prison for the nineteen.

Political repression is best shown by the case of Jose Sendrós and his 37 companions. They were tried last year in Barcelona by a court martial to which foreign observers were admitted. The sentences were remarkably light; and as the prisoners had already been in prison for almost three years, most of them were released immediately after the court martial. By May, 1953, they had all regained their liberty. Last July, they were all re-arrested without explanation and awarded by the Supreme Military Tribunal in Madrid, without retrial, "revised" sentences ranging between eight and fifteen years in prison. The original charges against Sendrós and his friends were that they tried to reorganise the Unified Socialist Party of Catalonia (P.S.U.C.) and that they "wrote anti-Government slogans on the walls and incited the people to military rebellion." None of these charges had seemed sufficient to the Barcelona Military Court at the previous trial to warrant sentences of over four years in prison.

WESTMINSTER

The Art of Picking Losers

The pantomime producer selecting his chorus line has an infinitely wider choice than has a Prime Minister in selecting his colleagues. The producer has a wide variety of pulchritude to choose from. A Prime Minister, particularly a Tory Prime Minister, must make his selection from amongst the vain, the ambitious, the diffident, the egocentric, the idealistic, the extroverted, relatively articulate, three hundred and odd Members who have been called or have pushed themselves on to his side of the House. In making his judgments he must allow for the undeniable fact that the hot-house atmosphere of Westminster causes a man's most prominent characteristic to flourish out of proportion; so that the idealist ceases to be earthbound, the malicious becomes rancid, the quiet plodder tends to relapse into a coma, and the ambitious becomes pathological.

Despite all this it is a system better than any other. In a world of human frailties Parliamentarians are no more and no less frail than the rest of humanity. Still, a review of the possible choices before him must at times make a Prime Minister wilt. This was probably why Sir Winston Churchill postponed his Government reshuffle until he was forced into it. He can now survey his handiwork and say "I told you so. I should have left well alone." For, during a solid week, the reshuffled have rustled their briefs, cleared their throats, faced the House, licked their lips and flopped.

First Mr. Harold Macmillan, new Minister of Defence, who has always been so sure of himself and so amused at his own jokes, was reduced to waffling, uneasy incoherence by Hugh Gaitskell's questions on the cost of the Nine Power Agreement. Mr. Macmillan, it was clear, did not know the answers. Mr. Macmillan, it was even clearer, did not even understand the questions. The moustache, which used to perk up with each laboured witticism, drooped sadly. He almost chewed it.

Next came Mr. Lennox-Boyd, whose brassy arrogance somehow makes the ordinary bloke's flesh creep when he stands at the Box. The Cypriots, he said, "must" accept the new constitution. And one felt suddenly offended that this man should be in a position to say "must" to anybody. Then Mr. Gwilym Lloyd-George, new Home Secretary, fluffed badly on Civil Defence in a debate which was a triumph for the Opposition. But Gwilym is likeable. His failures become him. The failure of the Government on Civil Defence, however, is less becoming, and Civil Defence policy amounts, particularly now that the mobile columns are promised on a half-trained basis three years hence, in insufficient numbers, to little more than a rather inelegant fraud.

Finally, we had Mr. Anthony Nutting, new Minister of State—pale Anthony's pale shadow. He is a graduate of the charm school, ex-chairman of the Young Conservatives. A pleasant fellow. But Minister of State! For foreign affairs! In this day and age! However, he made a simple little speech which proved, as Herbert Morrison pointed out, that the Labour Government's policy on Persian oil had been right. Herbert was entitled to this moment, for he suffered deeply, and unfairly as whipping boy for Mossadeq. And, as R. H. S. Crossman was able to demonstrate that his own policy on Middle East affairs was also right, everybody was happy in contemplation of everything save the miserable plight of the Arab refugees.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

An American Horoscope

ALL this autumn, during the election campaign, economic crystal-gazers—notably, of course, in the camp of the Republicans—have been assuring businessmen and the public that the economic outlook need not be regarded with pessimism. To some extent this exercise in creating "prosperity by incantation" has worked. True, industrial production has declined some nine per cent. from the peak reached in the spring of 1953. Admittedly unemployment has risen from some 1½ million to a conservatively estimated 3½ million. On this showing, the trend of growth which seemed miraculously accelerating has turned: the immense potential increase, since 1952-53, in demand and production—estimated by Mr. Leon Keyserling at $27,000 million—has just not accrued. Yet none of the consequences which have for long been taken as part and parcel of a fall in U.S. production and employment have materialised. There has been no cumulative acceleration in the ebbing of demand: assurances to business have worked marvels.

Until the end of 1953, the decline in national income could almost wholly be attributed to the sharp change in stocks. A violent accumulation, it could be held, had given place to de-stocking, with the expected results; but the de-stocking, though appreciable, did not seem to be accelerating despite the fact that inventories of *finished* goods in the hands of manufacturers have not declined. Moreover, the optimistic forecasters argued that the steady contraction of stocks could not go on for ever. Once it ended, demand and production would automatically increase, and expansion would be resumed. The U.S. would, once more, have accomplished a "rolling readjustment," and the prophets of gloom and doom would prove wrong. Was this optimism justified? Since the turn of the year there has been a net fall in Government outlays, and this has contributed to the fall of the national income. But the decrease is being offset by a sharp cut in taxation, mainly on corporations and investors; and, in spite of the increase in idle plants, hardly any of the usual symptoms of a decline in the activity of a competitive economy have made themselves manifest. There has been practically no pressure on prices; there has been no attempt as yet to cut wages; indeed wage rates (if not earnings) have risen. The pressure of stocks in the "finished" markets has not been magnified in the raw material and intermediate stages; nor is there any indication of a "cut price" export drive, which was one of the most disturbing aspects of the 1949 decline and, even more, of the pre-war depressions. Altogether, the picture is one of an orderly slight retreat, completely at variance with all previous experience. Indeed, the only slight resemblance to the old pattern of the American cyclical unbalance is provided by a sharp upward bound by the Stock Exchange in the teeth of a remarkable fall of production and gross corporate profits, before tax—a fall which does not seem to have come to an end, though its effects on net corporate income were largely offset by the abolition of the levy on excess profits.

The inference is clear. The existence of an Administration favourable to business, engendering confidence among business leaders, has sustained investment despite the relatively inauspicious immediate expectations. The question is how long the present contradiction between a relatively static consumption demand and an ever-growing productive potential can be sustained. In recent years, American productive capacity has been expanding at an annual rate of some 5 per cent. In other words, America could—if there were sufficient demand—produce some $15-18,000 million more goods each year than the year before. This contrasts with the stagnation of demand and output in the last two years. No doubt some of the expansion of productive power could be used for modernisation, without increasing output capacity. Depreciation and obsolescence reserve, however, have been continuously rising throughout the period. For all the rapidity of technical change, it is difficult to see how the cost of making good obsolescence could bring about saving over and above depreciation allowances.

If the Administration had used the last few months of stimulated "confidence" to prepare a comprehensive programme for maintaining prosperity, all would be well. This does not seem to have happened. The uneasy balance within the Administration between those who are aware of the growing urgency of the problem of maintaining employment and those who still believe that the Government can help best by cutting expenditure and getting out of the way (and, possibly, by preventing inflation through the application of dearer money) has once more tilted towards the "retrenchers." Last year this faction almost succeeded in wrecking the economy. By inaugurating a policy of dear money and stringency they came near to demoralising the capital market, though the continuation of construction activity depends on its functioning smoothly. With Government demand declining, it was essential that such activity should not merely be maintained but positively expanded. Only the rapid reversal of that policy and a return to the expansionist policy of the previous regime, saved the situation. Once the decision was taken to reverse policy, the Federal Reserve acted with commendable promptness and determination. The market was flooded with money and interest rates fell. Construction activity, especially housing, expanded and took up most of the slack created by the cut-backs in investment in plant and equipment. It was this increase in construction which represented the only current solid factor of expansion.

No doubt one could construct "models"—mathematical or otherwise—in which demand is sustained by an expansion of investment due to new inventions and not dependent on the broadening of markets through an increase in consumers' incomes and demand. But there is little reason to believe that industrial "innovations" will demand much more than current depreciation allowances. Thus there is no real hope in this direction. An intensification of construction activity, an expansion of housing, is probably required. The need is the more urgent as the contemplated further cut in Government expenditure will undoubtedly have an important depressing influence which has as yet hardly been offset by the slight increase in the prospective deficit. The tax-remissions, as could be expected, seem to have raised savings rather than demand (though the statistical evidence is not quite conclusive on this point). A speed-up on Defence orders, lately promised, could, of course, jerk the economy temporarily upwards. But there is as yet little sign of this; and the dominant conservative element in the Cabinet is still convinced that "incantations" and confidence are a sufficient basis for sustaining the present position. For the moment they seem to have the President's ear: little has been heard of late of the programme for low-cost housing, highways, hospitals and schools which had been promised as a "standby." Moreover, it is doubtful whether the present impetus of building can last without further boosts. As it is, despite Administrative reassurance to Big Business, a certain, if still very slow, decline in investment plans has already begun to manifest itself.

There can be no doubt that any real downturn, say of 5 per cent. or more, would once more bring a sharp reorientation of policy. But at that stage much more would be needed than cheap money or the toleration of a modest Budget deficit. It is, indeed, unsafe to assume, as some of the Democrats seem to have done, that a deliberate increase in the Budget deficit can cure a slump. A deficit may well evoke all those nameless fears which have beset business men and economic activity for two decades during the Democratic regime. An expansionist financial policy might impair, and not stimulate, confidence. A reduction of taxation in favour of the poor might have much the same psychological effect even if the special favours granted to their rich backers by the present Government were not revoked.

The campaign has shown the direction in which each of the parties seeks to move after the election. The Republicans, loath to go against the prejudices of business, know that measures which increase Government spending in a period of shrinking revenue would offend the most cherished dogmas of many in the Administration and a substantial part of Congress. Their solution, therefore, is to acquiesce in any increase of armaments rather than any other form of expenditure. To justify further demands of the American taxpayer (and oblivious to the fact that arms spending in these circumstances would increase rather than depress consumption) the Republicans would be tempted to even more bellicose oratory.

The pattern of the Democrats' campaign suggests that they will press for relief measures which the President may find it hard to oppose with a veto. They seek tax reductions for the lower-income groups, and higher expenditure on public works—especially on highways and schools. Yet both lines of action are likely to disturb confidence and diminish their own effectiveness. And so the Democrats, too, are likely to press for further rearmament. The Republican campaign attacks on them for "softness" towards Communism have also induced the Democrats to try and out-do Mr. Nixon and Senator Knowland in martial ardour.

Thus the whole discussion of the "Soviet menace" has been shifted on to a largely irrelevant military plane. The panic decision of 1950 to rearm West Germany is pressed on, despite the fact that the whole strategic position has been revolutionised by the H-Bomb. Where the Democrats could have come forward with a far-sighted and generous plan to mitigate the increasing inequality in the international distribution of wealth, their campaign speakers concentrated instead on the dangers of Republican *disarmament*.

The potential productive capacity of the United States, if fully and well used, is sufficient to banish poverty in no distant future. In this the long-range projections are quite right. It *could* also go far in helping the economic development and the psychological integration of the non-Soviet orbit. Unfortunately its very competitive basis gives rise to feelings of aggressiveness and frustration coupled with acute fear; and it is this basic element of fear in the working of the system which prevents the adoption of saner policies at home and abroad. The consequential risk of failure, of economic insecurity, further deepens the distrust which contaminates

American relations and policies both towards her friends and her enemies. Only a break in the vicious circle, which finds its perfect illustration in the incantations of assured prosperity, could liberate the energies of the Americans for a constructive opposition to the Communist challenge.

New York. THOMAS BALOGH

London Diary

THE row behind the scenes over the allocation of I.T.A. stations has provided the best gossip this week. The big controversy is whether the *Mirror's* political attack is justified. As a matter of argument, the I.T.A. clearly has the laugh on its side; after deciding not, this year, to put in for a station, the *Mirror's* criticisms naturally look rather like sour grapes. The truth is that they believed that the stations would anyway go to entertainment groups, and not to newspapers, and it was only after they saw that the *Daily Mail* and Kemsley groups had each got a foot firmly in the door that they began their campaign. But this is no answer to the argument that it is inequitable, almost naive, from a political point of view, to give the most important assignment (that is, the five days in London) to so dogmatically Conservative a business as the *Daily Mail*, and also to give Lord Kemsley so large a say in the second largest station. The only clearly progressive group is Sidney Bernstein's, who will have a splendid chance of developing, on the basis of Lancashire's local patriotism, a less expensive, but more seriously integrated, programme. On Thursday morning the remaining unallocated periods went to the Norman Collins group. Norman Collins, having banked on getting the London station, at first found some of his backers reluctant to support less profitable stations. He will get the week-end in London and the Monday to Friday period in Birmingham. The odd man out is now Prince Littler, with whom the *Daily Mirror* has now joined up. Prince Littler's group was turned down in the first place on the ground that he controlled so great a body of talent that it would be better for him not to have a station to himself, but to become a sub-contractor, leasing out his stars to the stations as required. The final comment is that there is surely some contradiction in terms involved in this Olympian allocation of opportunity to "free competitors."

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The "code administrator" for the Comic Magazine Association of America has announced a series of rules for Comics; these, *The Times* informs us, have been accepted by 24 out of 27 publishers concerned. Public opinion, in short, is supposed to have won its way, since a large number of Comic publishers have agreed not to show "scenes of excessive violence, including torture," not to attack religion or race, not to allow people to think that kidnappers can get away with it, and so on and so forth. All to the good, no doubt, but I remain unconvinced. Such rules are easy to evade, and if there is big money to be made by evading them there will be publishers who prefer money to reputation. An outspoken demand for direct action in the matter of Comics in England has been made in the *Church of England Newspaper*, where Mr. Bardens describes war Comics which would be banned in the U.S. In one a padre hurls a hand grenade at a Communist, shouting "The Lord is my shepherd"! He refers to Comics called *Tales from the Crypt* and *The Vault of Horror*. I have *Tales from the Crypt* No. 2 in front of me. The plots of these horrors can only be emanations of sick minds. There is one, for instance, of a terrorised lunatic asylum, in which a man with a long whip reduces the inmates to abject silence; only one madman continuously laments that his "love" has been taken away from him. He is finally restored to his love, who turns out to be a large rat. The plot of another concerns a murderer who hopes to escape justice by always committing his murders at full moon; he believes that, when he is finally brought to justice, he will be merely shut up as a sufferer from "lycanthropy." His last murder ends with two pictures of him beating his wife to death. The captions run:

> . . . And falling upon her flailing screaming body with all of the savage fury I could muster . . . swinging the hand-rake . . . back and forth . . . back and forth . . . until her screams were washed away into silence by geysers of scarlet that oozed from the countless slashes I'd raked into her white flesh.

But these things have to be seen to be believed. This Comic is published by Arnold Book Co., and was obtainable at an ordinary toy and magazine shop last week. On the cover, printed very small and scarcely visible, are the words "not suitable for children."

* * *

Why is it always assumed that only the police or the Director of Public Prosecutions can take action in criminal cases? You and I can initiate a prosecution for nearly every crime from murder down to street betting. "Any person," says Dr. Ivor Jennings in his *Law and the Constitution*, "can lay an information against a criminal, and the judicial process will then continue unless the Attorney-General enters a *nolle prosequi*." It is quite true that, if we want to conduct the case ourselves, we can do so only in a magistrates' court: at the point where the case "goes for trial" we, as laymen, must step down and leave the rest of the talking to the lawyers, our remaining privilege being to pay the costs of the case if it fails. But would the Attorney-General, presented with a *fait accompli* in the shape of a Common Law indictment for obscenity, then resort to a *nolle prosequi* in the face of public feeling about "Horror Comics" today? He is supposed to be custodian of the rights of the public as well as the arbiter of their duties.

There is no analogy with the Harrington case in 1864 where a wrongly convicted man was saved by a successful private prosecution of an alternative murderer. In this case the police were exceedingly obstructive. But I can't im-

What about giving those back to them instead of Cyprus?

agine that the Law Officers today would trouble to obstruct a "comics" prosecution either under the Obscene Publications Act or at Common Law.

* * *

Last Friday's debate on the Tate Gallery moved along expected lines. The famous, foolish letter about "hounding" the Director out of the Gallery had been used with great effect; I understand that it was actually duplicated and widely distributed before the debate. It served its purpose in persuading some independently minded M.P.s that the row about the Tate was all due to a "campaign of calumny." No matter; the facts will come out one of these days, and a lot of word-eating will have to take place. What matters was that Mr. George Strauss obviously knew a lot about the true story, and so, of course, did Mr. Henry Brooke, who, as Financial Secretary for the Treasury, was Government spokesman. He was prudent, and had no difficulty in piloting the Bill through, since everyone is ready to give the Tate independence, and to enable the Trustees to lend out pictures more widely and appropriately. The legitimate object of criticism has been to increase the future chances of better staff relations and administration. I hope that this has been achieved. Many M.P.s interested in the Tate are now on their toes.

* * *

In the flood of platitudes about improving relations between Russia and the West, we all look for concrete examples. I've just been given a striking one. At the beginning of August, after reciprocal visits to Moscow and Paris by the Presidents of the two companies, Air France and Aeroflot (the Soviet external air company) decided to launch a joint service between Paris and Moscow. Air France carry the passengers between Paris and Prague: Aeroflot take over between Prague and Moscow. The journey is completed in a single day. Apart from one or two comic upsets, arising out of language difficulties, the scheme has been a great success. Diplomats, delegations and ordinary business men, have made so much use of it that the service which began three times weekly, has recently been doubled. Now it is up to the other Western air companies to try for similar arrangements—and up to the Soviet authorities to issue more visas.

* * *

At the Annual Meeting of Chatham House on Tuesday night the resignation of the present Director-General was, I understand, accepted; while the adulatory speeches made about the administration and the official annoyance shown about the *Manchester Guardian's* criticisms suggested that the critics had been right. The future of Chatham House very much depends, not only on the personality of Mr. MacAdam's successor, but on the decision about the type of person its chief administrative officer should be. Is his main function to collect money and make sure that nothing much is said to annoy those from whom the money will come? Or is it rather that of a Director who has the dignified status and qualifications of, say, the head of an Oxford college? There are excellent men to be found who combine administrative capacity with academic status.

* * *

Every year at about this time, with Englishmen shuffling reluctantly into their two great classes, those who abominate fireworks and those who must buy them for the children, letters in the newspapers upbraid the police, the children, parents and teachers, Guy Fawkes himself, and the fireworks industry. (Similar letters were appearing 100 years ago.) The new idea this year is to limit the duration of the din by imposing a close season upon the fireworks shops. "Stop them selling any fireworks before the 1st November," said one angry letter on October 12, without saying how long before. This would reduce the fireworks men to five hectic days of salesmanship per annum, though it wouldn't stop you saving up the fireworks you bought in the glad week and letting them off all the year round.

* * *

The Diaghilev Exhibition is a gorgeous affair. A London house has been translated into a fairy tale, with colossal Negro figures welcoming you in the front entrance. For people interested in ballet, or in costume, or in scenery, or, indeed, in history, there is more than a day's enjoyment. At Tuesday night's crush the *Observer's* guests were easier to see than the exhibits. I was late going to the upper rooms, and lucky enough to have Lady Megan Lloyd George and her nephew as companions. We did not talk politics, nor discuss why the Sunday paper, which talked about her "tip-toeing back into the Liberal Party," had indulged in this flight of fancy. The truth is that she is just enjoying her freedom from the House of Commons, and is cultivating her Welsh garden. The evening was full of entertainment. An old friend took me for Frank Owen, but I was able to riposte that this error was natural as we were both born in Hereford. I missed the opening ceremony, because the great hall was so crowded that some of us got left behind in a pleasant side room with drinks. Every now and then a magnificent flunkey ordered us, in the firmest way compatible with politeness, to leave off talking, because our voices penetrated into the hall beyond. It was a hopeless effort, for who ever persuaded Osbert Lancaster, Raymond Mortimer, Sir Harold Nicolson, Cecil King, William Clark, and Critic to hold their tongues?

CRITIC

THE MARINER'S DIGEST

It is an ancient Mariner, So let the reader skip The long preamble till we come To where they lose the ship.	*The poet skippeth much of the Mariner's narrative.*
The Wedding Guest hath little zest To hearken to the tale Of how a ship was wrecked upon A large, synthetic whale.	*He telleth of a rubber whale, concerning which Gregory Peck may be consulted.*
"God save thee, ancient Mariner, The time is getting late." Eftsoons the ancient man replied: "This was the Ship of State."	*He explaineth a subtile allegory which he coineth, as of custom.*
"Wast thou the Captain of that Ship? Now, cut thy story short: With water, water everywhere Couldst thou not find the port?"	*The Wedding Guest observeth that the Mariner doddereth somewhat, and mistaketh the reason.*
The ancient pulled at his cigar. "It was not port," he said, "It was the crew, who never knew How long they had been dead.	*Life-in-Death is the condition of certain State Mariners, called Zombies or Anachronisms, which are dead but walk into lobbies.*
"I steered them with my podgy hands To spoil and slay the heathen; Loud did they praise the bloody ways I called Elizabethan;	*The dead men seek to revive a dead age.*
"And many a hellish thing we did, Beyond description—vip 'rous; Guiana knew the flag we flew and Africa—and Cyprus."	*He rehearseth the scenes of evil deeds.*
"I know the rest," said the Wedding Guest, "You lived in daily dread And wrecked the tub in a fit of fright Long after you were dead.	*There is panic among the Zombies.*
"They manage best whose peace and rest Are free from guilty fear: The whale that is not swallowed first Swallows no Marinere."	*The Mariner is exhorted to walk uprightly, that he may fear no bogies.*

REGINALD REYNOLDS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Required, some kindly person living near Trafalgar Square to volunteer to feed the pigeons with corn (which will be supplied gratis) each morning during the winter months.—Advert in *Daily Telegraph*. (R. J. Power.)

Mr. Tom Williamson, the general secretary of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers . . . denied the charge that trade union leaders were out of touch with the rank and file, and said it was the rank and file which was out of touch with the leadership.—*Manchester Guardian*. (B. S. Josephs.)

What upsets the British phillumenists is that they feel they cannot take pride in our own national match-box labels.—*The Times*. (J. H. S. Elliott.)

If you want to know whether you are physically in love with your husband, I suggest in all seriousness that you should ask yourself the test question: "Could I use his toothbrush?"—*Housewife*. (P Schrecker.)

Mr. W. R. Lyon told other magistrates at Worcester: "I believe Oscar Wilde was a common, dirty criminal. Do you think bringing him to the public notice will help the judiciary, police, probation officers and ministers of religion?"—*News Chronicle*. (L. B. Harris.)

After the Dock Strike

THE London dockers' strike, with its spread to other ports and its challenge to the leadership of the Transport and General Workers' Union, was the most important event in British trade union history for a long time past. Whatever Mr. Deakin and some of his fellow-leaders may believe, it does not make sense to attribute the strike to the machinations of a handful of malevolent Communist agitators. No doubt, the Communists in the waterside unions did their best to make trouble for the official leadership; but how is it supposed that they were able to bring out the dockers in a solid mass against their leaders' advice unless there were really serious grievances to be worked on? Communists do not control either the Stevedores' or the Lightermen's Union —much less the waterside branches of the T. & G.W.; and large bodies of workers do not forfeit their wages and go without strike pay unless there is something really biting them. When workers solidly ignore the men who are supposed to be their chosen representatives, the presumption is that there is something badly wrong with the policy these representatives are following or with the form of organisation for which they stand.

The Transport and General Workers' Union is a mammoth organisation; it covers workers in a host of industries and services which have no more in common than that they all employ labour; and it has grown to its present stature partly by accident and partly by design. Its original nucleus was the Dockers' Union, which was formed at the time of the great London Dock Strike of 1889. When it was set up, dock workers—or most of them—counted as casual labourers and often worked also in other trades such as building and engineering. It was natural in those days to attempt to organise dockers together with other labourers in a single union of less skilled workers, and to hope that the more general form of combination would do something to remove the weakness of each of the constituent groups. The Dockers' Union became the Dock, Wharf, Riverside and General Workers' Union, with its principal stronghold in the docks, just as the Gasworkers' Union, founded the same year, became the Gasworkers' and General Labourers' Union.

There matters rested for a time, till round about 1910 the attempt was made to federate all the numerous trade unions of transport workers —dockers, lightermen, carters, busmen, seamen, and the rest—into an inclusive Transport Workers' Federation, and to build up an alliance of these groups with the railway workers. The new Federation fought the transport strikes of 1911 and 1912; and after the first world war Ernest Bevin succeeded in persuading most of the constituent unions to amalgamate into a single union —the Transport and General Workers. Thereafter this union proceeded to absorb a number of others, notably the very miscellaneous Workers' Union; and the Gasworkers went through a similar series of fusions, from which they emerged as the General and Municipal Workers. These two giants became half rivals and half collaborators over hundreds of trades and industries—organising only the less skilled where there were unions of skilled craftsmen already in the field, but taking in everyone they could get in many lesser industries in which there were no strong craft unions to say them nay.

The theory behind this process was that consolidation over a wide field, with centralised control of policy and finance, would enable these all-in labourers' unions to stand up on more equal terms both to the employers and to the unions of skilled workers; and so up to a point it did. But it became more and more difficult to conduct bodies so miscellaneous in their composition in an effectively democratic way, especially as more and more industries came to be covered by comprehensive national agreements which had to be centrally negotiated. This left much less responsibility with the branches, and put much more into the hands of full-time officials; and it also involved the acceptance of negotiating machinery that usually took a long time to yield results. The individual members felt that they were further and further off the points at which decisions affecting them were made: with the growth of trade unionism, the less active workers were brought in, and the percentage of apathetic, non-attending members inevitably increased. Branch attendances fell to a tiny percentage, save at moments of unusual excitement; and payment of contributions became more irregular, with the result that there was a rapidly growing rate of turnover of many sections of the membership and larger and larger numbers were at any time disqualified from benefits and voting because their dues were in arrears—though the dockers have been the most stable section of the T. & G.W.

The founders of the T. & G.W. were not unaware of these dangers. They did their best to devise a constitution which would enable each large section of the membership to run its own affairs, subject only to the centralised control of policy and finance which prevented any section from spending the union's money without the consent of the central Executive. But this apparently sensible constitution has never worked really well. It does not, and cannot, give any section the final right to control policy, even in its own affairs; and it is apt to leave the smaller or more scattered sections with practically no means of being consulted where they are not strong enough to form trade groups of their own. This is the explanation of the often-heard complaints by members that they are never summoned to union meetings and have no knowledge of what is being done in their name.

The plain truth is that such groups as the dockers, when they had ceased to be regarded as mere labourers and had become strongly organised and relatively well-paid and regularly employed, were handicapped instead of helped by their attachment to a vast general union enrolling workers from a host of varied occupations. Whereas in 1889, or even in 1911, they may have been incapable of standing on their own, today they are fully capable of doing so, and would probably be much better satisfied if they could run their own show. No doubt, if they were now to leave the T. & G.W. and join its rival, the Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers, instead, and still more if the busmen and other vehicle workers also set up on their own, the effect would be to leave the residue of the mammoth union considerably weakened, and probably more unstable than ever. But the logical and correct sequel to this rearrangement of trade union forces would be for the unspecialised core of the T. & G.W. to amalgamate with the General and Municipal Workers. With forces thus combined in most of the industries in which these two at present compete, the two unions could establish improved forms of organisation and bargaining machinery—which they can hardly do as long as they remain separate.

I am not suggesting that the trouble at the docks is all due to the faulty organisation of the Transport and General Workers. Part of it is the outcome of mistaken policy. The ending of casual employment at the docks was a crying necessity and was worth large concessions; but I think the T. & G.W. made a big mistake when it allowed itself, in pursuit of this objective, to become party to a joint body with employers possessing disciplinary powers. No doubt, these powers have for the most part been used with care and moderation; but is not the whole system psychologically wrong, especially when it is combined with a bargaining structure that binds the union leaders to exert a disciplinary power over their members on the plea that agreements must be observed and that no negotiations can take place when workers are on strike in spite of them? Trade unionists by natural instinct look to their unions to take their part and to express their grievances—not to discipline them at their employers' behest or to join hands with the employers in imposing a common discipline; and when they feel that their union is becoming a disciplinary agency which they find it hard to control, there arises a natural disposition to kick over the traces when things go ill.

Personally I believe that the T. & G.W. has become unmanageably huge and clumsy, and that it would be better for its dock members, or perhaps its entire membership in transport, to hive off and establish a separate union. Obviously, it would be much the best if this could be done by friendly arrangement, rather than as the outcome of a bitter struggle between Mr. Deakin and the T.U.C. General Council, on the one hand, and the Stevedores' and Lightermen's Unions on the other. I feel that the General Council acted unwisely in suspending the Stevedores' and Dockers' Union without an attempt to bring about negotiations between the disputants. It is no doubt necessary to have rules designed to check poaching by unions of one another's members; but it is no less necessary to avoid assuming, or giving the impression, that members are the property of a particular union and have no right to choose to which union they will belong, or to make a change if they feel they are not getting proper service. The centralisation of collective bargaining has done a good deal to encourage the belief among leaders that they own their members, rather than are owned by them. If trade unions are to be truly democratic bodies, they will need to devise new ways of fostering free activity at branch and workplace levels in order to offset the atrophy of local life which is all too marked a feature of current trade union practice.

In the past, the great general unions have performed immense services. Their work in raising the less skilled workers to a higher status and increased independent bargaining power has been of outstanding importance in converting trade unionism from a minority movement of skilled craftsmen into an instrument for the upraising of the working class as a whole. Their rise after 1889 was an indispensable stage in working-class advance; but, just as new methods were needed then, new methods are needed again today. The key problem now is no longer that of getting the main body of the workers organised but rather that of increasing the active participation of the members in the work of the unions and thus improving their democratic character.

G. D. H. COLE.

November 20

WINE SUPPLEMENT

A guide for the festive season

A Visit to Ben Gurion

THE Sown extends from Dan unto Beersheba; from there southward the desert begins in earnest. The State of Israel probes into this "Negev," or Southern wilderness, with the long fingers of military roads and with prospecting and mining operations. Moreover, it searches for any latent fertility with the instruments of its collective farm colonies. In these desert cases the collective farms are run upon a semi-experimental, semi-military basis. It was to one of the most southerly of these, to "the Shepherd's Field" (Sede-boker) that I recently went in order to visit a shepherd. I did not actually find him with his flock, for he had recently strained his back shearing a sheep. But this may have been fortunate for me, for it freed him for conversation.

The shepherd immediately engaged me in an animated discussion of Proportional Representation. This, however, was the less remarkable in that he had been the Prime Minister of his country until last November. Mr. Ben Gurion has, in fact, retired to the desert to meditate in the best biblical tradition. And the first fruits of his meditation are that Israel should abandon Proportional Representation and adopt the British system of single-member constituencies. The Englishman, flattered by imitation, is at once tempted to murmur, "Well meditated, sir," and to conclude that there must be something in this desert technique if it produces such commonsensical conclusions.

And yet "the Wilderness of Zin," as this part of the Negev used to be called, is not at first sight a very commonsensical place for an ex-Prime Minister to retire to. Nor is the Kibbutz or collective farm of the Shepherd's Field a commonplace sort of institution.

In an austerity part natural, part military, part monastic (even though bi-sexual), a score of young Israelis have for the last two years been attempting to extend the characteristic pattern of Israeli agricultural life down into this, the heart of the Southern desert. And this is a matter of high national importance, for a considerable part of the land surface of their country consists of this desert. At first sight, however, it seems a wholly impracticable enterprise. With a rainfall of some 4 inches a year, and that arriving in a few torrential downpours in the winter months, this wilderness, one would say, seems destined to remain for ever beautiful and impregnable.

And yet, as the collective farmers push out their activities from the perimeter of their settlement, they encounter evidence that, long before them, men have striven, and striven successfully, to live in the Negev. Even here in this desert, as everywhere else in Israel, time adds its fourth dimension to every situation. Men live and work not only at such-and-such a place and in 1954, but also against and amidst an immensely rich background of historical and mythological association. The pioneering and the politics of the mid-twentieth century are everywhere modified by what has happened through thirty other centuries.

If, for example, you drive a few kilometres South again from Shepherd's Field, they will stop the car beside a faint track leading down a wadi or dry water-course. "Hereabouts a track always leads towards water," they say. A few yards from the road you become conscious that you are following a low, rough wall, a wall evidently designed to divert a flow of water down the wadi into a predetermined channel.

"Did you make this?" I asked them.

"Partly," they said, which seemed a curious answer. Suddenly the wall turned left: they pointed, and at our feet there opened a profound and vaulted cistern cut out of the rock, 30 or 40 feet deep, in two chambers each the length and breadth of a fair-sized room, a thick pillar of natural rock between them. Now it was clear that the purpose of the wall was to divert water running down the wadi into the cistern. The last 10 yards or so of it were clearly about half newly rebuilt.

"Who built the old part?" I asked.

"The Nabateans," they replied, "anywhere from one to three thousand years ago. We use their work whenever we can. This cistern leaks. However, we've found 48 more like it round here."

We drove on, past a continuing life far more archaic than that of the Nabateans: Bedouins, meandering eternally. However, they had adopted one of the Israelis' national customs, that of perpetual hitch-hiking. A merry, shrivelled, sun-blacked little fellow got into the car and we took him on 15 miles or so. We weren't going any farther, we told him. He did not get out of the car. "Sorry," said the Israelis, "going back now." That was all right, he said; he'd just as soon drive back with us as on. South or North was all one to him. One sensed a basic incomprehension. We had assumed that he must be going somewhere. But he was just going: the idea of destination was absent from his universe.

This time there was an actual building to be seen: a ruined Byzantine type of bath-house. Again they told one to look down. Beneath us was an immense well, 13 foot or so in diameter, cut vertically through the rock. They have emptied the rubble out of it down to a depth of 240 feet so far. And still it goes down. "Didn't grudge the slaves in cutting that one, did they?" said the Israelis. "We're hoping there may still be water in it."

We looked again at our surroundings, which at first sight had seemed untouched desert. We were, in fact, upon the site of the ancient city of Avdat. Avdat has long been known. It was first adequately described, the Israelis remarked with a grin, by T. E. Lawrence and Woolley in their archæological work *The Wilderness of Zin*. The Israeli boys and girls make no pretensions to being archæologists. Their venture is a far more romantic one, to my mind. They aspire to make these dry bones live again, and do so partly by using the actual remains themselves.

I now saw that we were in a hollow into which a number of wadis "flowed," before debouching through a gap in the hills. And this hollow was criss-crossed with the remains of a series of low walls, making a pattern rather like terracing on a hillside, or contour ploughing. These, they explained, were the series of "ponding walls," by which the winter rains were impounded in a series of shallow ponds and so made to soak into the soil instead of rushing off through the hills. Moreover this Nabatean ponding had visibly been done on exactly the same principles as the ponding which the young Israelis had shown me outside their collective farm. The Nabateans had worked on a far greater scale than anything the Israelis of the Shepherd's Field farm have yet attempted. But the methods are unchanged. Some day, it may be, larger groups of pioneers will come down to the site of Avdat and restore those very irrigation works. "For we, too, have our slaves, our machines," say the collective farmers.

That night Mr. Ben Gurion talked in the little "mess" of Shepherd's Field. He expounded what is, I understand, his basic doctrine, mystical and materialist at the same time—his doctrine that in order that a people may truly possess a country they must remake it physically with their own hands: that the evil of the world all stems from our attempts to live off the labour of others. This is in effect simply the doctrine of exploitation; but it was put with immense force and effect amidst the scenes of the wilderness and amongst those stern faced young Israelis of the outpost. One understood some of the reasons which had made Mr. Ben Gurion leave the Prime Ministership. He had retired to the front line: to the front line, not so much in the ever present cold war with the Arabs—that is everywhere in tiny Israel—but to the front line in still more vital war with the wilderness.

Yet the two wars are inextricably mixed up with each other. Shepherd's Field is, on the map, a comparatively long way from the frontiers as things go in Israel. But on the spot one discovers that in the Negev there *are* no real frontiers. The Bedouins wander from Transjordan to Israel, to Egypt and back again—quite regardless of what lines are drawn on the map. In such conditions it is utterly impossible to stop the infiltrator. A few months ago, for instance, one of the shepherdesses of Shepherd's Field was sniped and killed beside her flock. (The word shepherdess is wonderfully inappropriate. You must envisage a tall, long-legged, copper brown, whipcord hard sort of girl, with classical features and a severe expression, wearing khaki shorts as brief as bathing drawers, and a worn-out shirt.)

In any case, who are the infiltrators? From the Arab point of view, of course, the Israeli collective farmers, miners, soldiers, prospectors, in the Negev are the infiltrators. For the Arabs have reconciled themselves to the Israeli presence here even less than in the rest of Palestine. In the Arab countries they tell you, a trifle naively, that the Israelis conquered the Negev by the sword and ought to be made to give it up as ill-gotten gains. They omit to mention that the Israeli sword was drawn after Israel had accepted, and the Arabs had refused, the U.N. settlement which gave the Negev to the Arabs, and after, by what must have been one of the greatest miracles of incompetence in military history, they had got themselves chased out again by the Israelis.

Nevertheless, the Negev frontiers are unquestionably one of the most critical issues of all between Israel and the Arabs. To the outside observer it may seem strange that these few square miles of howling desert, which even Israeli determination and skill may or may not be able to make something of, should be so passionately coveted by both sides. But so it is. The Egyptians say that it is a question of restoring land communication between Egypt and the rest of the Arab world. But this, too, is evidently a question of prestige and emotion. For in practice few people would really go from Cairo to Amman by road across the Wilderness of Zin when they could perfectly well go by air, or partly by sea and partly by road. On the other hand, it would be extremely difficult for any Israeli Government to make any concessions here, again not so much because they would be giving up some of the extremely problematical wealth of the southern end of the Negev but because *any* concession would be regarded as useless appeasement.

It is easy enough to talk of a settlement in which frontier adjustments, refugee settlement in the Arab States (but with Israeli or U.N. money) and the restoration of full, normal trading and diplomatic relations between Israel and the Arab worlds, would be all put together in one package. Of course both sides would gain immensely from

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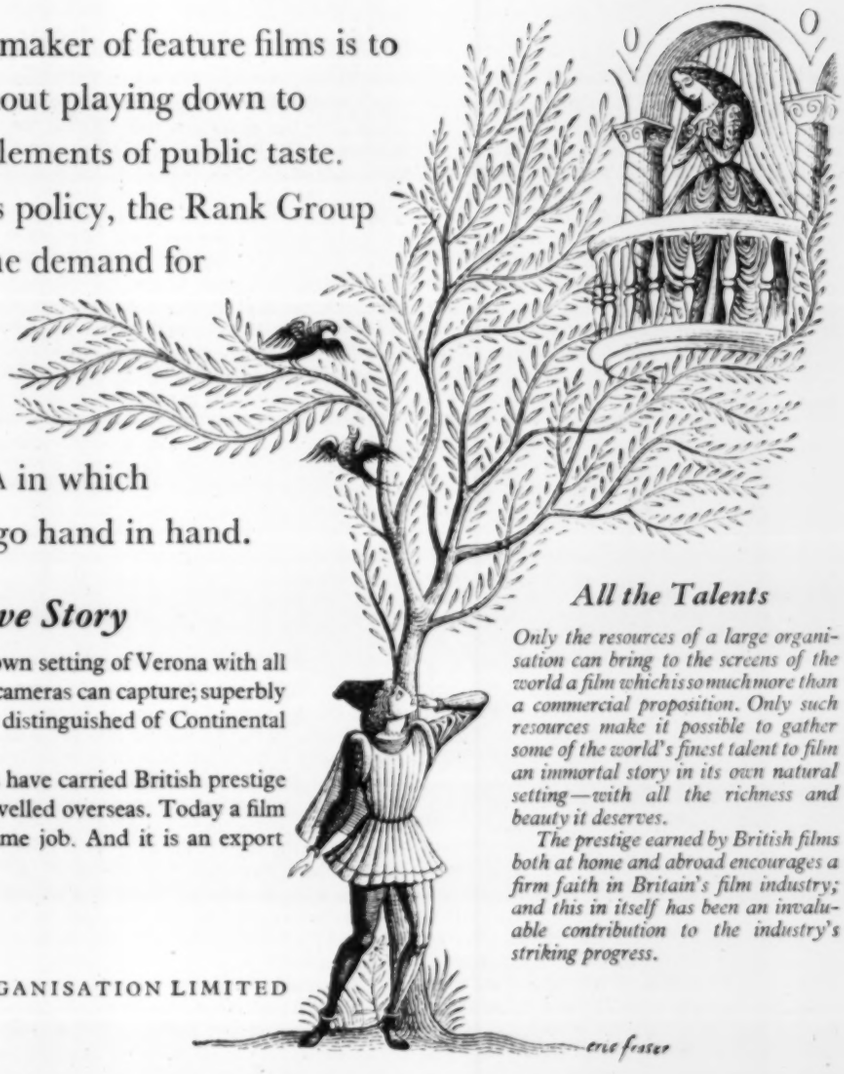

All the Talents

Only the resources of a large organisation can bring to the screens of the world a film which is so much more than a commercial proposition. Only such resources make it possible to gather some of the world's finest talent to film an immortal story in its own natural setting—with all the richness and beauty it deserves.

The prestige earned by British films both at home and abroad encourages a firm faith in Britain's film industry; and this in itself has been an invaluable contribution to the industry's striking progress.

such a settlement. But what of that? Rational, material considerations weigh very lightly in the balance of disputes which have endured over the millennia. Probably neither side is yet ready to face the concessions which would be necessary.

Again it is the past, jostling with the present, as the Nabatean walls and cisterns mingle with the work of the farmers of Shepherd's Field, but less helpfully—it is the past which obtrudes over any possibility of an Israeli-Arab settlement. Perhaps Mr. Ben Gurion, the shepherd of the Negev, and just because he is one of the more intransigent of Israeli leaders, is as well placed as anyone to approach, at least, these supremely difficult issues. At any rate, I had the impression that this shepherd, whether he liked it or not, might inevitably and before long be seeing less of his four-legged flocks in the Negev, and more of his two-legged flock in Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv.

JOHN STRACHEY

Regina *vs.* Warburg

A PUBLISHER who suddenly finds himself charged with a criminal offence of "publishing an obscene libel, to wit a book," needs three things. They are a good conscience, a good lawyer and good judge. I was fortunate on all three counts when the Director of Public Prosecutions decided that *The Philanderer* was a dirty book.

Since, astonishingly, the "intentions" of the publisher are now held to be legally irrelevant to a charge of obscenity, it might be supposed that the innocent intentions of the publisher were also of no importance in a prosecution. In fact, however, to believe in your own innocence is fundamental. If a publisher has been lax in his choice of books, or careless in the editing and presentation, if he attempts to make profits out of them because they sail near the wind, then he will not be able to reply, as I did, to the detective who calls upon him, that his publishing firm believes the book not to be obscene, and that it will be defended with all the force at his command. He may even be intimidated, as some publishers have been, at this first threatening act of the drama, into withdrawing the book, or posting it off to the Home Secretary with a bashful letter, which will be read as a half-admission of guilt or an unspoken plea in mitigation. He may be doubtful, too, whether he, or the firm as a whole, should take the responsibility. Fortunately, I was in no such awkward position. Secker and Warburg were unanimous on this issue; none of us believed *The Philanderer* to be obscene; we thought it a first-rate novel dealing with a real and by no means uncommon problem, and dealing with it from the point of view of a moralist. We had cut certain passages out of the American edition from which the book was set, not because we thought them obscene, but because they went further than seemed artistically necessary, and might have shocked some who would otherwise have approved and enjoyed the book.

When the news of the prosecution got out, well-known writers, who had read or reviewed the book, volunteered to give evidence on our behalf—Malcolm Muggeridge, Walter Allen, C. P. Snow, Graham Greene and others. But we knew well that they would not be allowed to go into the witness box. This refusal to allow a publisher (or author) to call expert witnesses is one of the least defensible aspects of the present law on obscenity. We decided to ask to be committed for trial, preferring the risks of a jury to the decision of a single magistrate.

The second act culminated in the police court at Clerkenwell. For me it changed the theme of the play. Half an hour before the case was opened, I learnt that a summons was to be served on me personally, because as the managing director of the firm I had arranged for the publication and signed the agreement with the author. Formal evidence was given, and we were committed for trial at the Old Bailey. I was now technically a prisoner, bound to appear at the proper time on recognisances of £25 of my own finding.

I now felt frightened as well as angry. Things were serious. The whole apparatus of the Crown was arrayed against me, an individual, in an endeavour to obtain a conviction which might have grim consequences. If convicted, I should have "a criminal record." Not very pleasant for wife, children, friends and acquaintances. I wondered whether I had not been a fool to demand trial by jury. Would it not have been better to accept justice, rough or otherwise, from a magistrate? One publisher said "you must be mad to ask for a jury, they *always* convict." Well-meaning friends promised to "come and see me in prison"—a joke that to me sounded rather thin and in bad taste.

Hopes and fears alternated. What would the learned judge think of *The Philanderer*? Who would he be, anyway? Broad-minded and liberal? Or the opposite? A religious fanatic or a cultured humanist? The lawyers told me it might make all the difference. And the jury? Would they be intelligent or the reverse? Would they know anything of modern literature with its frank discussion of topics regarded as unmentionable by our grandparents? Would there be women on the jury, and if so what would they think of *The Philanderer*, and of the philanderer who was the central character of the novel named after him? Some friends suggested having women excluded from the jury. I thought this absurd, even if allowable. Women, I felt, had a soft spot in their hearts for philanderers, especially perhaps if they were doomed to a sticky end, as was the philanderer in the book on trial with me.

The charge of publishing an obscene libel, a lewd book, a piece of pornography—call it what you will—is an exceptionally nasty one. For the sake of money you are accused of corrupting the minds of men and women. In particular, you are accused of corrupting the young boy or girl, "into whose hands the book may fall." The crime, in fact, is sordid and without glamour. Furthermore, it is a crime you may commit without knowing it.

On Tuesday, June 29, at No. 2 Court in the Old Bailey, before Mr. Justice Stable and a jury of nine men and three women, the case of Regina *vs.* Warburg was heard. Separated from my wife, from my colleagues, from the whole comfortable world which has not had criminal charges levelled at it, I was led by the warder into the dock, and viewed with distaste the hard chair recently occupied by a youngish man who half an hour later was to receive a sentence of seven years imprisonment. The proceedings had not yet begun, and I went down the steps at the back of the dock which lead to the cells.

I was stopped half-way down by a warder, who ran his hands over me. I was furious at being "frisked." "What have you got on you?" the warder asked.

"The usual things."

"What d'you mean, the usual things?"

"Cigarettes in one pocket, a few pound notes in another."

"What are you in for?"

"A book."

"A book? What d'you mean, a book?"

"This one," I said, thrusting a copy of *The Philanderer* into his hands, whereupon he began to read the blurb. He looked horrified, not I believe by the wording of the blurb, but because of what he probably regarded as the waste of time at the Old Bailey in prosecuting people for publishing books, rather than for really worth-while crimes.

A few moments after the trial began, Mr. Justice Stable told the Court that in his view the dock was not a suitable place for the prisoner in this trial to occupy, and instructed me to leave it and sit by my solicitor. I walked out of that rectangle of evil omen, leaving the attendant warders behind me. I felt as if a great burden had been lifted from my shoulders. The reasons behind this act of great kindness are not known to me, but it is one for which I shall always remain grateful. Prisoners tried since on the same indictment have not been so fortunate. Three days later the case ended in my acquittal, and the acquittal of my firm and the firm of printers who had manufactured the book to our order. I was once again a free man.

In a case of this kind the determining factor is the judge's summing up. Juries are not made up of literary men and women, confirmed readers who know what they like and dislike, and it is natural that they should pay special attention to the judge and believe in his impartiality. Mr. Justice Stable's summing-up is already famous. It will be read and admired for years on account of its wisdom, tolerance and broad humanity. It is said by those who should know that it stands as a landmark in legal and literary history.

Its basic importance was its common-sense interpretation of the long out-of-date test of obscenity. If nothing is to be published which could tend to deprave or corrupt a mind open to such tendencies, what, Mr. Justice Stable asked in effect, could be published about sex and many other subjects which would be worth while for an adult to read? Was Mr. Podsnap, who begged that nothing should ever be said which could bring a blush to the cheek of a young person, to be the arbiter of our literary taste? In short, Mr. Justice Stable demonstrated the absurdity of a strict interpretation of the Cockburn judgment, which makes the test of what is proper to publish whether it is suitable reading matter for a 14-year-old girl. If this common sense is generally followed, there will soon be an end to the prosecutions of reputable and serious publishers.

FREDRIC J. WARBURG

REALITIES

The possibilities that taunted childhood—
Step over distance and put back the clock,
I didn't mean it so it didn't happen—
Remembered afterwards can always mock,

On Sunday evenings, when we age most quickly,
Such little livings as we ever earn,
And much bad weather falls before we really
Say with conviction what we're forced to learn:

That time is independent and that objects
Occupy space as they've a right to do;
That even on mirrored afternoons the wishes
Of such as I see only such as you;

That you yourself are circumstance as real
As time or distance or an act of State;
That circling in much circumstance we puzzle
Each other with a new and double fate.

All this I've learned and yet deny this evening,
And, for apology, can only plead
Contagion of your innocence, restoring
The child's belief that all we need is need.

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PROVINCES BIRMINGHAM: Mon., 22nd November 7.30 p.m., Town Hall. BOLTON: Mon., 22nd November, 7.30 p.m., Albert Hall. BRIGHTON: Fri., 3rd December, 7.45 p.m., Union Hall. BRISTOL: Fri., 12th November, 7.30 p.m., Colston Hall. BURNLEY: Thurs., 18th November, 7.30 p.m., Weavers Assembly Hall. CARDIFF: Tues., 9th November, 7 p.m., Cory Hall. CHATHAM: Tues., 30th November, 7.30 p.m., Town Hall. COVENTRY: Tues., 23rd November, 7.30 p.m. Technical College, Theatre Hall. DERBY: Thurs., 11th November, 7.30 p.m., Kings Hall. HASLINGDEN: Wed., 17th November, 7.30 p.m., Public Hall. HUDDERSFIELD: Wed., 17th November, 7.30 p.m. Friendly and Trades Club. HULL: Tues., 23rd November, 7.30 p.m. City Hall. LEEDS: Sat., 20th November, 7.30 p.m., Jubilee Hall. LEICESTER: Fri., 12th November, 7.15 p.m., Corn Exchange. LIVERPOOL: Fri., 19th November, 7.30 p.m., Picton Hall. LUTON: Mon., 8th November, 7.30 p.m., Winter Assembly Hall. MANCHESTER: Sat., 20th November, 7.15 p.m., Free Trade Hall. MERTHYR TYDFIL: Thurs., 11th November, 7.30 p.m., Miner, Hall. NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: Sat., 27th November, 7 p.m. City Hall. NEWCASTLE-UNDER LYME: Fri., 26th November, 7.30 p.m., Municipal Hall. NOTTINGHAM: Sat., 13th November, 7 p.m., Victoria Baths. OXFORD: Tues., 9th November, 7.30 p.m., The Forum. PLYMOUTH: Mon., 29th November, 7.30 p.m., Assembly Hall. SHEFFIELD: Thurs., 18th November, 7.30 p.m., City Hall. SOUTHAMPTON: Tues., 30th November, 8 p.m., Guild Hall. SPENNYMOOR: Fri. 19th November, 7 p.m., Town Hall. STOCKTON-ON-TEES: Thurs., 25th November, 7.30 p.m. Jubilee Hall. TREALAW: Wed., 10th November, 7.30 p.m. Judges Hall. WARRINGTON: Thurs., 25th November 7.30 p.m., Co-operative Hall. WIGAN: Sun., 21st November, 3.0 p.m., Co-operative Hall. WOLVERHAMPTON: Wed. 24th November 7.10 p.m., Wulfrun Hall.

SCOTLAND ABERDEEN: Fri., 19th Nov., 7.30 p.m. Music Hall. CLYDEBANK: Thurs., 25th Nov., 7.30 p.m., Town Hall. DUNDEE: Thurs., 18th Nov., Caird Hall. DUNFERMLINE: Sat., 27th Nov., 7.30 p.m., St. Margarets Hall. EDINBURGH: Sat., 13th Nov. (concert), 7.30 p.m., Usher Hall. EDINBURGH: Mon., 29th Nov., 7.30 p.m., Portobello Town Hall. FALKIRK: Mon., 15th Nov., 7.30 p.m. Town Hall. GLASGOW: Mon., 8th Nov., 7.30 p.m. St. Andrew's Hall. GLASGOW: Tues., 30th Nov. (St. Andrew's Night Celebration), 7.30 p.m., St. Andrew's Hall. GREENOCK: Tues., 9th Nov., 7.30 p.m., Town Hall. HAMILTON: Mon. 22nd Nov. 7.30 p.m., Town Hall. KILMARNOCK: Thurs., 11th Nov. 7.30 p.m. Grand Hall. KIRKCALDY: Sun., 21st Nov. (concert), 7 p.m., Adam Smith Hall. PAISLEY: Tues., 23rd Nov., 7.30 p.m., Town Hall. PERTH: Sun., 28th Nov., 7.30 p.m., Co-op Hall.

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The Workers' Pennies

ALL my life I have been involved in the battle of the worker's penny against the boss's pound. There is an obvious over-simplification here. Of course some trade unions have substantial funds and many Conservative Associations are poverty-stricken. But the invested reserves of a trade union are no help to the local Labour Party, which is probably trying to wipe off the overdraft from the last election when the next one is already looming up.

The Englishman does not like to pay for his politics. At bottom he wishes it were possible for M.P.s to serve without salary. He does not like to pay hard cash for the printing of leaflets and the hiring of meeting halls. And when I was a boy, and a quarter of Bradford was unemployed, he had no pennies anyway. Politics were practical and never theoretical. The ward meeting of millworkers and clerks and tram conductors and housewives did not discuss the Stresa conference or Protection. They planned the jumble sale, which had the double advantage that it served an economic need and could with luck raise a pound or two.

I would come home from school weeks before the jumble sale and be told "Run up to Mrs. Barraclough's after tea. She's got some jumble for us." And Mrs. Barraclough would come to her kitchen door wiping her hands on her apron. "Well, I did tell your mother I might find something," she would say doubtfully. "Come in." From the cupboard under the stairs she would pull a worn raincoat. "Suppose you could have this." Then a pair of shoes. "Only need new heels—our John Willy's grown out of them." With luck the urge would grip her and she would chase from drawer to cupboard to outhouse to the dusty suitcases under the bed in the spare room. I would stagger behind, a couple of 1920 hats on my head, worn suits draped over my forearm, the railway lines from a broken train set under my left elbow and a bound volume of *Fur and Feather*, 1924, under my right elbow. If she got really carried away I would be asked to wriggle through the manhole into the loft to see what I could find among the rafters.

"There's an old crystal set," I would call down.

"Best leave that. It's Dad's."

"There's a tricycle with a wheel missing."

"Ee!" she would sigh. "That was our John Willy's when he was four. How they grow. Bring it down."

And when she saw the tricycle with scarred paintwork, the handle grips grubby with dust overlaid on a residue of ancient jam, she would wipe it down fondly to mask the inner struggle. "I don't know. It's not much use with the wheel missing. Perhaps I ought to keep it. Our John Willy was that fond of it." She would rub the saddle. "It wouldn't fetch much—not like this anyway." Then the moment of decision. "Go on, lad, take it. No, wait a minute." And she would reach for her purse behind the clock on the mantelpiece. Here's a two-shilling piece. See if you can get a wheel for it. And put some paint on it!" She would watch me from behind the curtains as I struggled down the road with the hats, the coats, the books—and the broken tricycle.

Women with shopping bags and purses would queue outside the door of the Congregational Church Hall for an hour before the jumble sale opened. As the doors creaked open they would swarm in, turning over the garments, holding them up to the light, pulling at the seams to see what wear there was left, standing on one leg to measure the sole of a second-hand shoe against the even more cracked and broken shoe they were wearing. Within an hour the long trestle tables would be bare save for a few china vases labelled "Present from Blackpool" and a moth-eaten leopard skin rug that turned up each year, remained pathetically unsold at fourpence and, each year, was taken away to start next year's collection.

Bazaars were more formal. They were opened by celebrities. The wares were new save in the White Elephant stall where we dumped the trinkets left over from the jumble sales. There was hardware on sale-or-return from the Co-op, food stalls of decorated jars of home-made pickle and jam, lamp shades and needlework and knitted goods and aprons, the product of regular Thursday sewing meetings throughout the winter. There was a fortune teller and a lucky dip and ham teas for a shilling. There was a bustling activity and a flurry of salesmanship and hordes of Labour Party children dodging through the crowds.

Once a year, we raised money by holding a fancy dress ball at the Windsor Baths. This was just before the *Palais de Danse* era, when all the dances in Bradford were run by voluntary organisations to raise money. The Scouts, the Allotment Association, the Bowls Club, the Press Club, the British Legion, the Political Parties, all in turn hired the Windsor Halls. We had programme cards with little pencils attached and almost all wore fancy dress, grown-ups as well; and the Lord Mayor would judge the parade. The only bugbear was a group of semi-professional fancy dressers who used to tour all the balls in Bradford and district in elaborate costumes far beyond the means of the rest of us. Either their houses were full of electric clocks and canteens of cutlery, or they supplied a shop somewhere. This commercial intrusion did not worry the children, though. We raced round the balconies in a delirium of excitement. We made slides in the French chalk round the edges of the dance floor. We panicked at the last moment and mulishly refused to join the fancy dress parade. We spilled lemonade and we were tired and jaded for days afterwards. But the Party raised some more pennies. The fight for the Cause could continue.

The biggest money-spinner was the Derby Draw. By picking a way carefully through the complications and contradictions of the Betting and Lottery Acts it was possible to run a disguised lottery without ending at the magistrates' court. There was, however, some controversy within the Party about these draws. There were the very Left-wingers who disliked even this respectable form of gambling, on the grounds that gambling, more than religion, was the opium of the people and should be outlawed. The workers must learn that life did not provide anything for nothing and that all our gains must be fought for by political action. And there were the staunch Nonconformists who opposed gambling as a sin. But the Cause was always hungry for pennies. So consciences were placated. The very Left-wingers accepted that the end justified the means. The Nonconformists paid for books of tickets and neglected to return the counterfoils—and thus opted out of the gamble.

Sometimes we would wish that funds were unlimited. Yet I am glad they were not. We, at least, paid for our politics—even if we went without something else. And we had a lot of fun in assiduously collecting the workers' pennies, even though most of them came from our own pockets.

WILFRED FIENBURGH

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The Arts and Entertainment

NOT TO BE SEEN ANYWHERE

THE Italian film festival—an average shop-window for trade, press, and first-nighters—has come and gone. By now it would have been almost forgotten, but for one thing: the sudden irruption, half-through, of De Sica and *Umberto D.* He had been invited to come, as an actor; had refused; had stood on his rights as an artist, the creator of *Bicycle Thieves* and *Miracle in Milan*, and made his condition of coming a performance at the National Film Theatre of *Umberto D.* So at the very last minute it was agreed. There was the film. There was he, with some wise, firm, modest remarks to make about it.

And what a film it is! None of us, I think, except the few who had seen it before—and how quiet they had managed to keep about it!—had any idea of the revelation in store. We, miserable critics that we are, going weeks with no livelier outlook than the screen equivalent of Sydney Horler or Ruby M. Ayres, had in the past fortnight been lifted to rare altitudes by the Gorki Trilogy and *Modern Times.* Now we were as high or higher, and quite out of sight of them. Them we already knew, they were part of us; De Sica's masterpiece was unforeseen, new. My feeling at the end of *Umberto D.* was—and remains—"Here is not only the best, but the only, film I have ever seen." But, dear film-fan, that is not a feeling you will be allowed to share or to test: for two years British distributors have been shelving *Umberto D.*

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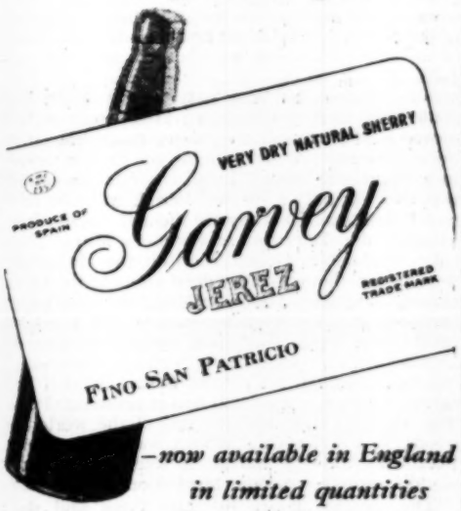

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Umberto D. is the story or study—no, not that—the *film* of an old man who feels that he is being pushed out, as indeed, frightfully, he is. The sort of compassion stirred is that which a poet can touch lightly in a phrase: Thomas Hardy's verse comes to mind.

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

De Sica's object is to instil love and pity and at the same time make inescapable the plight of a particular old man: a far more difficult undertaking, it seems to me. But scrupulously, unimpeachably, he achieves it. This old fellow, a retired Civil Servant, drifts our way out of a spontaneous procession of pensioners, whose pensions barely allow them life. The march fizzles out, sad and ridiculous, and we face this tired man with debts and a dog, unquenchably odd, as the old are. He goes back to the house where he owes rent, to find his bed occupied by chance lovers; he eats at a civic canteen, surreptitiously giving all his food to his dog. Unless he can find so many thousand liri by the end of the month—and to him they are thousands indeed—he must go.

De Sica shows us everything: what the old chap dreads and what he is hanging on to, the coarse landlady with a solid marriage in view, the soiled room, the mercenary couples, the musical soirées, the ants on the kitchen wall, and his one human friend, a young pregnant cook who sleeps in the corridor when all's quiet. His cough—and some help from an old scrounger—bring him a week in hospital. Revived, he must sell watch and coat, beg (not so easy), soften his worst enemy. Builder's men are already stripping his walls, knocking holes into the next room. Worst of all the landlady has thrown out his dog, and he must look for it everywhere, even on the doorstep of the very gas-chamber, and when found, seek someone to relieve him of his final responsibility. No luck; and at last he stands by the railway line, with his dog in his arms. The train rushes towards them. It whirls by. He has staggered back, and the dog flees from him. With difficulty, with coaxings and teasings, he wins her back—it's a clever little mongrel bitch; she lets him approach, begins to run after a thrown offering, jumps up, and they disappear in the distance of a little pine-row by the shore.

Just an old man with his dog. But we know him; we have seen him pull up his overcoat on the bed, go a month without dinner. He is Umberto D., as De Sica found him, after long search, one day getting on a bus: a professor, not yet retired, who had never heard of De Sica and rarely seen a film. Could he be other than as he is? And could we imagine any other servant-girl or dog, grim landlady, stentorian yes-man in the hospital, or the hospital itself less loftily elongated, the kitchen wall over the sink without ants that must be burnt off, the bugles at all hours, the elephant statue in the square—in any way different? Every detail chimes; these people have merely to walk round a room for us to believe we know their innermost thought. De Sica says of his own film—dedicated, by the way, to his father—that he feels here he has managed to do all he wanted without a moment's cheating. That is so. *Umberto D.* could be called the triumph of neo-realism—if we knew what neo-realism was. I take it to be no more—and no less—than the balance of true observation with true feeling; and in that sense there have been many neo-realists—Chekhov, for one. Of works of art so instantly appealing and, I am sure, durable, the cinema has known few. I doubt whether De Sica will ever again quite reach this pinnacle; though some slight contact with a personality radiant in conviction and charm could make me believe almost anything.

The other side to this case of a great film is the lamentable tale of how it has been withheld. British Lion bought up *Umberto D.* two years ago with a bunch of other films, and have sat on it since. It has been let out once at South Bank. They are now, apparently, surprised that anyone should show interest, but they promise a première—some time or other. It may seem odd to anyone ignorant of the film industry that a film of this calibre, which—whatever its commercial rating—could certainly enjoy a three month's run at some such cinema as the Curzon or the Rialto, could be so hidden from public and critics alike. Our tastes are dictated to us by those least capable, apparently, of any except the most humdrum computation. However, now the whoop has been raised, and we'll see. Let's hope that what we see will be *Umberto D.*

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A Flier's World

"A FLIER'S WORLD came into being because I wanted to convey to those who do not fly something of the strange, topsey-turvey, illogical and wholly satisfying world of the pilot. It is an attempt to make you feel what a pilot feels in the air, to understand flying with your body and not with your mind alone."
So writes Wolfgang Langewiesche. And his success is such as to make fascinating reading, not only for the flying enthusiast, but also for the casual reader who may feel here for the first time the strange spell of flight. We can only endorse the comment of the *Christian Science Monitor:* "He tastes the wonder of flight fully. He imparts its flavour as no one but Antoine de Saint Exupery has done before."

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

HERE AND THERE

BEFORE grappling with some more public occasions, I must add a belated note to the chorus of praise which, in these columns and elsewhere, has greeted the Bach playing of Rosalyn Tureck. That enterprising body, the City Music Society, engaged her to play at one of its Goldsmiths' Hall series, thereby ensuring that the pleasures of the ear should be matched by those of the eye. If Miss Tureck were to play Bach in a Nissen hut on Salisbury Plain, she could charm us into contentment; but to listen to this great music greatly performed in surroundings which are not merely cosy, like the Wigmore Hall, or functionally efficient, like the Festival Hall, but positively splendid and beautiful provided a twofold and harmonious joy such as I remember feeling, years ago, when Elisabeth Schumann was singing Susanna in the Residenztheater at Munich.

As for Miss Tureck herself, whom as it happens I had not previously heard in the flesh, I feel like the dazzled lady in the Bible who exclaimed: "Behold, the half was not told me"—and I hope that no one will protest that *she* was referring to another remarkable pianist. Since pianos are played by hand, it may seem a poor way of describing the virtues of Miss Tureck's style to call it "hand-made throughout"; but every honest pianist and every careful listener will admit that it is the hardest and rarest thing in the world, especially in rapid polyphonic music, to prevent some strands in the texture, or some sequences in the composition, from becoming mechanical. Either the player is bothered by technical problems, or his mind is racing ahead of his fingers; whatever the cause, concentration is lost, love vanishes, boredom impends. For Miss Tureck, technical problems seem hardly to exist: she produces, for instance, some six or seven distinct grades of pianissimo, each of which she is capable of sustaining for pages on end. Her musical nature is evenly balanced between the intellectual and the sensuous. Though her grasp of structure is firm, her attention (and therefore ours) never wavers from the bar she is playing: thus, we are made to share her delight in the astonishing things that, *just now*, are happening to Bach's themes and her craftsmanlike pleasure in the beautiful sound of the tone, the happy moulding of an ornament, or the pearly evenness of a scale. Odd though the comparison may sound, I was more than once reminded of a lucky occasion when I heard old Pachmann playing Chopin on one of his good days. There was the same sense of complete communication, of audience and performer equally riveted by unfolding beauties.

Now to sterner things—for so, in retrospect, Covent Garden's new production of *The Tales of Hoffmann* paradoxically strikes me. It was an unhappy evening. Laudably anxious to be correct, the management had gone back to the original version, with spoken dialogue, instead of the version with continuous music (recitatives, as in *Carmen*, by another hand) which has almost always obtained outside France. Delivered in the curious spoken English of our native singers or in the impenetrable accents of an imported German tenor, the gobbets of dull translated text fell horribly flat in the large, chilly theatre. The sets, by Wakhevitch, were ambitious; sometimes too much cluttered up with detail, as in the Venetian scene; sometimes handsome, as in the Antonia episode; always liable to spring upon us some horrid novelty, such as a transparent piano or a harp twice as big as the soprano whom it is accompanying. Günther Rennert's production, in spite of some good touches, misfired by its failure to make crucial points in the quite complicated plots adequately clear to the audience: for instance, we need to *see* the dismembered limbs of the doll at the end of the first episode. Strangest of all was the casting for the principal role of Julius Patzak, an artist for whom we all have the greatest respect, but long past the day when he could have made a convincing Hoffmann: as he moved stiffly around the stage, mumbling the queer dialogue and half-singing the famous arias in a "rehearsal voice," I had the odd sensation that this was only a spectral Patzak and that the real Patzak was far away in Vienna, singing his incomparable Palestrina in Pfitzner's opera. The ladies (Mesdames Dobbs, Morison and Houston) were better, though hardly good enough; the best singing came from Hermann Uhde in the sinister baritone roles. The French conductor (M. Inghelbrecht) was replaced at short notice by Edward Downes, who manages fairly well on the whole, but raced through the famous Barcarolle as if he agreed with the critics who find it tiresome. Perhaps they are right and the rest of the world is wrong; in either event, the only way to play it is Beecham's way—as though it were one of the world's supreme melodic inspirations.

The natural affinity between Verdi and the Welsh genius, revealed two years ago in an exciting revival of *Nabucco*, was further demonstrated in last Monday's performance of *The Sicilian Vespers* at Cardiff. The Welsh National Opera Company, like the opera itself, got off to a slow start; but the last three acts, filled with impassioned duets and soaring ensembles, went finely under Frederick Berend, with the experienced Ruth Packer as the heroine, and an exceedingly talented newcomer, Brychan Powell, in the exacting tenor role. The opera will be repeated on November 10 and 12.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

A DICKENSIAN

CAREL WEIGHT has 20 new paintings at the Zwemmer Gallery. Some are small sketches—cows in a field, trees on a rainy day in Putney; others are sustained pictures—a canvas of people strolling round the sculpture exhibition in Holland Park, a painting of workers going home from the factory, one street lamp alight against the slate-coloured sky in which the touch of magenta somehow reminds one that in another part of the city the neons are just coming into their own. All of them are painted with the directness apparently amounting to artlessness which constitutes Weight's unique style. In front of such pictures all æsthetic arguments are simplified: the artist must paint what he sees: his quality will depend upon his understanding and his love. Compared with some of his previous work these new pictures are stronger in drawing (look at the figure, one from the extreme right, in Holland Park) and more eventful in composition. Yet this show reveals, I think, more than just that development. It forces one to re-assess Weight. Finally, one realises that his modesty deceives: that he is in fact one of the most remarkable and mature of English artists.

One can be deceived about the importance of Weight's work because he exhibits indiscriminately, because sometimes his drawing—particularly of figures—seems naive, and because his town and landscapes are never based on analysis, on opening up the structure of the scene and rebuilding its elements into a clearer, nobler edifice—something which French art has taught us to expect. Yet really each one of these apparent weaknesses springs from Weight's strength. His lack of discrimination comes from his enthusiasm for the artist playing an active social role. He passionately believes that the artist should amuse, comfort, teach and give pleasure.

His apparent naivety is the result of his absolutely direct apprehension of personality. Every figure he paints is first and foremost a character, and all of them are caught off their guard and so are as naive—or rather as pedestrian and yet meaningful—as most of us are then. Each factory worker in *The Journey Home* has his own plan for the evening. And even in a satirical work like *The Three Ladies of Suffolk*, each old girl as she walks along the lane, her head bobbing up and down the other side of the hedge, has her own distinct personal brand of silly parochialism. Weight is only naive because he has boundless sympathy.

As for his treatment of landscape—this arises from his extraordinary feeling for the English scene as a setting for the English way of life. I know of no other painter who can render so accurately what an English street or landscape *looks* like. It is as simple as that. At first one thinks that the suburban trees or the Gloucestershire orchard have been painted rather too thoughtlessly, that their space and solidity have not been realised fully enough. But outside the gallery when one actually looks at them, one realises how faithful Weight has been. The basis of the typically English scene is not architectonic, it is atmospheric—it is fog, a shower, ten minutes' sunshine, a whole day of basement light, the dusk mixed with smoke, silhouette and glimmer. It is a pocket of changing weather in which the only constant is the habits of those who live in it. Weight describes that exactly.

A way of briefly defining Weight's attitude and of emphasising its Englishness is to compare him with Dickens. He has the same social conscience, the same ability to create character in a few lines, the same gift for evoking the *breath* of a scene—the way it envelops the figures living through it, and occasionally the same sentimentality. One should add, however, that in nine cases out of ten Weight is not over-literary. What he achieves he achieves by visual means.

Henry Sanders, at the Ben Uri Gallery, is a young artist well worth noticing. The sea in his passionate landscapes seems to break into the canvases themselves. The result is naturally too

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NOVEMBER

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

To the townsman, the sounds of winter are not very different from the sounds of summer. The pneumatic drill does not alter its note as the evenings draw in; the cry of the newsvendor is not, like that of the peewit, stilled by an unfathomable impulse to migrate. But in the country the two seasons make very different impacts on the ear. Summer is never silent. Most of its sounds, like those on Prospero's island, "give delight and hurt not", though from this category we must exclude those made by wasps and thunderstorms. Winter has a much more limited repertoire. Perhaps it is because they so often present themselves against a background of silence that we acquire a relish for its noises. The ring of an axe in the woods: the huntsman's horn across the valley: the grating, confidential call of partridges settling down for the night—when we grumble about the winter we do not grumble about these. And though writers, seeking to create a cheerless and forlorn atmosphere, often invoke the moaning of the wind in the eaves, not even the most provocative of them has attempted to suggest that this sound is half so dispiriting as the patter of rain on the roof of the cricket pavilion.

Banking makes no sounds like these. Only the subdued chatter of accounting machines and the clink of coins marks the unceasing service which the Midland Bank provides throughout the year to townsman and countryman alike.

MIDLAND BANK

amorphous but shows the eagerness of response which makes his animal paintings striking and imaginative. His *Leopards* (particularly the foreground one which is beautifully painted), his *Deer, Antelope* and *Lions* re-create a true animal camouflage: a camouflage not only of prescience but also of strength and intention.

Fritz Kramer, exhibiting at Leighton House, Holland Park Road, paints in tempera. Probably under the force of circumstances—he was born in Vienna and became a refugee—he has acquired an unfortunate slickness. But in some of his portraits of children his vision tallies with his means. The best are obviously good likenesses, are unsentimental, and preserve an inward-looking quality in the sitter, which is nothing to do with adult introspection but which is very characteristic of certain children.

The New English Art Club (R.B.A. Galleries) is full of all sorts of replicas but includes some fine garden water-colours by Lionel Bulmer, a good life drawing by Jane Hurric, a well-constructed painting of the inside of a tube train by Peter Lowe and a lively beach scene called *Bus Trip from the Pits* by Margaret Green.

JOHN BERGER

LOOK AND LISTEN

COMMERCIAL television, we are told, will be putting out programmes from stations at London, Birmingham and Manchester by August of next year—and already one can hardly wait to see the results. For if any public body ever made a thoroughly wretched beginning to the service it was appointed to organise, it is surely the Independent Television Authority. No doubt its actions so far merely reflect the general confusion that has attended the whole period of gestation of commercial TV in this country, but unless it is extremely careful in the next few months it will find, when parturition actually takes place, that it has a monstrous birth on its hands.

A few weeks ago the Tory press was busily criticising the appointment of Sir Robert Fraser as Director-General of the I.T.A.: he had worked on the *Daily Herald* and had been a Labour candidate. Now it is the turn of the Left to protest. The protests may be naive, but surely they are right and proper, for what has happened can hardly have been expected by anyone. Last week the I.T.A. announced its first list of programme contractors: Broadcast Relay Services, in co-operation with Associated Newspapers, Granada Theatres, and the Kemsley Newspaper Group associated with Mr. Maurice Winnick.

Now the fact that two out of these three contractors are linked with Tory newspaper-groups is probably not the most important aspect of the case. Mr. Sidney Bernstein, the head of Granada Theatres, is a member of the Labour Party; it is also true that both the *Manchester Guardian* and Odhams Press were asked if they were interested in applying for a contract to provide programmes. All the same, the situation as it now exists is one that no one envisaged. The case for commercial TV was based on the case against monopoly, against monopoly of TV by the B.B.C. What has happened is simply this: a whole new continent in the world of entertainment and information has been parcelled out between a set of already existing and very powerful commercial empires. Power has been added to power: to them that hath has been given.

Perhaps it was naive of us ever to have expected anything else. The newspapers of this country as a whole have always been opposed to commercial broadcasting and television; not out of any love of the B.B.C. but because they have always known that the cost of advertising on television could only be met by a reduction in advertising in the press. What more inevitable than that, faced with commercial television as a *fait accompli*, they should seek to cash in on it in the hope of picking up on the roundabouts what they are certain to lose on the swings?

But let us glance at the composition of the contracting companies that have been appointed. Broadcast Relay Services runs Rediffusion and puts out its own programmes in a number of colonies; what is disturbing is the partnership with Associated Newspapers. Frankly, Associated Newspapers is not a press group one can have much confidence in if one is looking for an edifying television system. Its great show-piece is, of course, the *Daily Mail*, but in recent years Associated Newspapers has blossomed forth. The *Sunday Dispatch* and the *Daily Sketch* speak for themselves, after their fashion; the *Weekend Mail* is a leading exponent of the proposition that women have breasts. Kemsley Newspapers is not by any means so addicted to cheesecake. Its ornament is the *Sunday Times*, which was conspicuously silent last weekend on the I.T.A.'s announcement. But how much of what the *Sunday Times* stands for is going to get into Kemsley Newspaper TV programmes? The *Empire News*, which also adds its peculiar lustre to the group, has a readership three times as large.

Kemsley Newspapers is in partnership with Mr. Maurice Winnick. Mr. Winnick is a dance-band leader who now imports successful radio and television shows from the United States and, at present, leases them to the B.B.C., among them *What's My Line* and *Twenty Questions*. Finally there is Granada Theatres, which, we are told, has transatlantic agreements on the making and distributing of television films.

Perhaps it would be unfair to predict the TV pattern from the contractors' newspaper performance. They may well be planning very restrained programmes. We must, however, assume that we shall get a high proportion of American TV programmes on film. Since productions costs will already have been met in the United States they will probably be very cheap to buy. They may well swamp out commercial TV here. This danger was foreseen, and the British writers' and performers' organisations urged the Postmaster General to prevent its happening by insisting that British networks should carry not less than 80 per cent. of British productions. Their arguments were unavailing, and there is no protection for British writers and actors in the Act except a pious hope.

It may be that the programmes of other companies not yet brought in by the I.T.A. will change the pattern to a certain extent. In the meantime, what is the B.B.C. doing in the face of the competition which will be operative from next August? Quietly, and if rumour is to be trusted, steadily, it is striving to persuade the writers of its most popular programmes to sign three-year contracts with it, as Mr. Gilbert Harding has already done. But television is an expensive business; it costs the B.B.C., according to the current *B.B.C. Handbook*, £1,916 per programme hour. In straight competition with the I.T.A. the Corporation might have little to fear; but if a considerable part of the I.T.A.'s programmes are to consist of telefilms from America acquired on the cheap the story may be very different.

WILLIAM SALTER

The Diaghilev Exhibition, at Forbes House, Halkin Street, Hyde Park Corner

"*S. de Diaghilev, prestidigitateur*," declares a placard, and as soon as we step inside this staid Edwardian mansion that has suffered such a startling sea-change, we are aware of Big Magic. It fills every hole and corner of the house, lurking behind the pictures, the exhibits, the music, implicit in the whiff of Mitsouko that pervades the ghostly backstage where the dancers' costumes hang suspended behind gauze. Even one whose only link with the balletomanes is a faint remembrance of Herbert Farjeon's revue lyric about the night Nijinsky danced Petrouchka in September Nineteen-Ten, cannot help being moved by so much genius, so much devotion. Cocteau, Bakst, Lifar, Tchelitchev, Chirico, Satie, Stravinsky—their shades stand ranged like guardian spirits around the master in Gallery XIV. In this orgy of an exhibition, as sumptuous as his own *Schéhérazade*, the old sorcerer himself—"an autocratic Russian bear . . . short, neat, affable, and businesslike with a reddish moustache and pince-nez," so twelve-year-old Harold Acton saw him—becomes transformed, Promethean. To remind ourselves of the humdrum essential to all great art, we must turn to the glass case that contains the typed agreement with Beecham: "*Mr. Serge de Diaghilev garanti à ses risques et périls le danseur Nijinsky, la Première Danseuse Karsavina. . . .*" It is August, 1912, the golden age before the bombardment. Great art, big magic is being born.

J. N. B. R.

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Correspondence

LABOUR'S PHILOSOPHY

SIR,—Compared with the rough-and-tumble of a Conservative Party broadcast, Sir Frank Soskice in his letter adopts a pose of elegance and refinement. I cannot imagine, however, that the millions of those who honoured him and his colleagues with their votes at the General Election will find one word of encouragement in it. He promises to go on with the Welfare State and to work for a planned economy based on full employment. Of course, that is what the simplest of us expects. He wants to get a lower income tax. So do the rich; but not many of those who voted for him, as they contemplate their drab surroundings, their shabbiness and, indeed, their poverty and material hopelessness, will care very much, unless, strangely enough, they subscribe to the theory that direct benefits for the rich are for the good of "all of us." Probably they would have preferred from Sir Frank some explanation why, even after six years of Labour rule, the wealth and extravagance of the rich are as great as ever.

Sir Frank also insists on displaying his opposition to Communism. Many members of the rank-and-file of the Party would prefer to see some opposition to the Tories and Liberals

Practically every one of the measures of the Tory Government, from their first few days of office when they put up the Bank rate, has been to benefit the sectional and wealthy interests. Why does Sir Frank in his philosophy overlook them all, yet find space for anti-Communism and tax reduction?

I should have thought that the opposition which the wealthy and business interests displayed in so many ways to Labour since 1945, when Labour principles and convictions of long standing were daily ridiculed and misrepresented, and the great harm which the repeated raids on our dollar reserves did to the nation's economy would have found a place in Sir Frank's philosophy—that is, lest they occur again. Having been tricked out of office by financial crises brought about by the financiers and having lost the Election by the few seats where the former Liberal candidates had conveniently (to the Tories) stood down, Sir Frank is surprisingly complacent.

B. W. DALE

Coulsdon, Surrey.

EUROPEAN SECURITY

SIR,—Hitherto the opponents of the rearmament of Western Germany have laboured under the difficulty that they have had no positive policy as an alternative to a "Western" military alliance. This gap has now been filled by the German Social Democrats. In return for agreeing to the unification of Germany through free elections, they say, the Soviet Union should be invited to join with the European Powers, including Germany, and with the United States in framing an all-European Security Treaty within the United Nations, based on Molotov's proposals, and making impossible the building up and arming of rival Blocs of Powers.

So far, Mr. Molotov's draft European Security Treaty holds the field, because the Western Powers have not seen fit to make any proposals of their own. In form it is a regional agreement within the United Nations to which the United States, Germany and all European members of the United Nations should belong. It repeats the obligations of the Charter concerning settlement of disputes by peaceful means and not resorting to force or the threat of force in international relations. It calls for a system of regular conferences and a permanent consultative political committee.

So far, so good. But when Mr. Molotov proposes that the signatory Powers should—without the authorisation of the Security Council—use armed force to assist a member-State that had been attacked, he goes counter to Article 53 of the Charter and flies in the face of the experience of both the League of Nations and the United Nations. The League of Nations Covenant was based on the duty of all States to take economic and military action in defence of any State they decided was a victim of aggression. But experience proved that this supposed readiness of everybody to fight anybody, for however good a cause, simply did not exist. It does not exist today. Would anyone take seriously a "blanket" military obligation, whereby, say, the Poles, Czechs and Russians were pledged to fight each other in case any of them was deemed an aggressor against Germany; or in which we, in similar circumstances, would have to fight the French or Benelux; or the Swedes the Danes or the Finns? And who would decide who was the aggressor and who the victim? Each contracting party for itself, or the consultative political committee, and if so, by a majority or unanimously, or, as in the U.N. Security Council, by a majority which must include all the Great Power members of the Committee?

The experience of the League of Nations is conclusive against the first alternative. The experience of the United Nations is equally conclusive against either of the other two. In the Charter, decisions about "enforcement action" (*i.e.*, "action with respect to threats to the peace, breaches of the peace, and acts of aggression") are vested in the Security Council, where the permanent members (the Great Powers) must be unanimous. That meant that the members of the United Nations could safely agree to obey a decision of the Security Council, for it could never involve serious consequences: no State could dream, in any circumstances, of resisting a unanimous decision of the five Great Powers. This system has broken down, because the Great Powers have fallen out.

Power politics, in the shape either of strengthening our side of the new balance of power or returning to armed international anarchy, will sooner or later produce a war in which Britain and Western Europe and possibly all mankind will be destroyed by atomic and thermo-nuclear weapons. Nor can we find security, in the sense of certainty of victory in case of war, through the chimera of a Pan-European, all-against-each military alliance. Security in that sense, collective or otherwise, simply does not exist.

What we must aim at is a series of political and economic measures that will reduce the risk of war breaking out and lighten the burden of armaments. In Asia, that means dropping Chiang Kai-shek and bringing China into the United Nations; peace in Korea as well as Indo-China; dropping or watering-down Seato, and associating ourselves with the leading Asian nations in some form of non-aggression, friendship and economic co-operation treaty.

In Europe, we should propose a settlement based on:—

(1) Unification of Germany through free elections.

(2) The withdrawal of occupying forces from European ex-enemy States.

(3) The conclusion of German and Austrian Peace Treaties limiting and controlling the armaments of these Powers and containing the obligation on the part of the other signatories to incorporate these limitations and controls in a general disarmament convention binding on us all and becoming operative in (at most) five years.

(4) Freedom for a reunited Germany to enter into any regional agreement consistent with Articles 52 and 53 of the Charter.

(5) Admission of all the European ex-enemy States to the United Nations.

(6) Constitution of a Regional European Agreement within the United Nations, of which the U.S. and the Soviet Union would be members. It should consist of (*a*) The U.N. Economic Commission for Europe, with powers adequate to plan and promote East-West trade in Europe; (*b*) A conference of all the members, meeting annually; and (*c*) A permanent consultative political commission, elected by the conference and acting as the adviser of the U.N. Security Council on all disputes and threats to the peace in Europe.

That would leave us no worse off in case of war than we are today and give us a real chance of preserving peace.

K. ZILLIACUS

BEYOND BERLIN

SIR,—Mr. Fraenkel's article does not give an objective picture of life in Eastern Germany today because he makes light of the regime of terror in that country. In order to give readers the impression of an unbiased account, he includes sentences like: "Youngsters were listening to fairy tales—I hope with not too Marxist a moral!" To anybody familiar with the lying propaganda in Eastern Germany's schools and the tragic position of parents, who dare not argue with their children about these lies inculcated at school, Mr. Fraenkel's whimsicality is distasteful. Certainly it is true that economic conditions have improved in Eastern Germany. But what of the *Volkspolizei* and the Secret Police? Have they changed? Mr. Fraenkel does not even mention them but writes instead of an old building worker who has a last glass of beer before turning in and for the first time in years finds his wife happily relaxed. That

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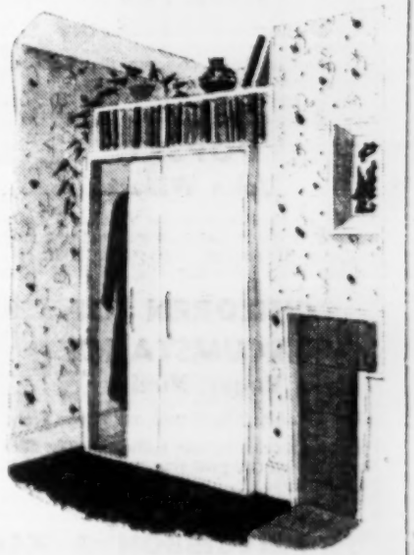

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is a picture straight out of a Communist propaganda film. To English people who do not know what it means to live under a dictatorship Mr. Fraenkel's article must be reassuring. Those few of us who occasionally listen to broadcasts from Eastern Germany know that there is little difference between life under the Nazis and life under the rulers of Eastern Germany today. It is fashionable at the moment to write reassuring articles about life behind the Iron Curtain. Let us learn more about countries ruled dictatorially by the Communists by all means. Let us negotiate with them. But spare us attempts to demonstrate that people in Eastern Germany were only in revolt because of economic conditions and that life in the *Ostzone* is nearly as good as in Western Germany because the same amount of sausage is consumed.

ROGER DINSDALE

241 Droitwich Road,
Worcester.

COLOUR BAR

SIR,—I wonder if Dr. Bassir is deducing the unemployment of Negroes in this country from reports in the press or from the employment exchanges themselves? Employment exchange figures do not state the colour of unemployed persons, so only a personal visit to every exchange in the country could get the real numbers. But according to welfare bodies and other reliable sources, including visits to a few exchanges, there is almost full employment among the 25,000 (or more) Jamaicans who have emigrated to this country. The unemployed Negroes that Dr. Bassir has heard about must be those who refuse the more menial factory jobs, having doubtless special qualifications that would fit them for higher paid positions.

But when it comes to skilled work, or jobs that bring the Negro into direct contact with the public, then I entirely agree with Dr. Bassir about the "re-education" of the private employer. It is deplorable, too, that the Transport Executive seems to prefer fewer buses, higher fares, and hundreds left in the rain on the pavements to the employment of Negro drivers or conductors, many of whom have come from these very jobs in Jamaica. I think their reply might well be, "the public wouldn't stand for it," and this I think shows that the public also needs the "re-education" which some sections of the press *are* giving to an ever-increasing extent.

But mainly, this difference of opinion between Dr. Bassir and me about numbers employed, shows the importance of an official commission of inquiry into the status and condition of coloured people in this country about which there is ignorance and apathy.

London, W.6. MERCEDES MACKAY

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AFRICAN KINGDOM

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Hable Selassie, may I say that, while space forbids the listing of all the examples of oppression of the subject races of Ethiopia, the following facts are relevant.

The Danakil live in French Somaliland, in Eritrea and in Ethiopia. Those in Ethiopia have suffered severely. The punitive expedition of 1943 confiscated 15,000 camels, 20,000 cattle, 30,000 sheep. Disease is widespread; in 1950, plague killed great numbers—yet there are no medical services. There are taxes, but no schools. Eritrea is not a province; it has an elected parliament, a constitution, and Arabic and Tigrinya are official languages. Of course, there are flourishing Moslem Schools there. But in Ethiopia, it is policy to close Koranic schools, and it is an official order that Arabic—the same applies to Tigrinya—should not be taught at any government school. Many schools in Jimma and Harar have been closed. Naturally some remain; it takes time.

In connection with the Budget subsidy to Eritrea, it should be pointed out that, since Federation in September, 1952, the Imperial Government has collected the customs, prices have doubled or trebled, and Asmara, a flourishing commercial city, is paralysed for lack of funds.

The real issue concerning the Sultanates is whether these different peoples should be oppressed or not. I prefer that Boranna, Galla, Tigrean, Somali, Shankali, Danakil, should choose their own form of government—whether it be a chief or a Sultan, or an Emperor, or a parliament. Mr. Hable Selassie wishes at any cost that they should be governed from Shoa—from Addis Ababa. The cost is very heavy.

YOUR CORRESPONDENT

OWEN LATTIMORE

SIR,—Your opening article on Lattimore is admirable. You are quite right, the soul of America *is* on trial. The persecution of Dr. Lattimore is the very negation of democracy and the affirmation of totalitarianism. It is a shame and a mortification to every right-thinking American, especially those like myself, a journalist living abroad. It may be hoped, however, that the victory of the Democrats in the elections will have some effect in bringing to an end this era of career-wrecking at the behest of nefarious influences in Washington.

MARC T. GREENE

VOLUNTARY RATE

SIR,—My notice has been drawn to your comments in your issue for October 30, 1954, on the levying of a Voluntary Rate by my Parochial Church Council in the Parish of the Ascension, Balham Hill, London.

In reply I would point out that you erroneously say that "*Parish* Councils" have the authority under a Church Assembly Measure of 1921 to collect a "Voluntary Rate throughout the parish, and to suggest to each parishioner a contribution based on his rateable value." It is "*Parochial* Church Councils," not "*Parish* Councils." Parish Councils have no such authority. Parochial Church Councils, however, have been vested with this power under the Parochial Church Council (Powers) Measure, 1921, 11 and 12 Geo. 5, on the grounds that the Church of England as the Established Church of the land has the responsibility which it discharges in virtue of the establishment to *all* people residing within the Parish. No incumbent of the Established Church has the right to refuse to baptise or marry or bury any of his parishioners, or to withhold his services from them in any shape or form inasmuch as their spiritual welfare consists as much in their material welfare nowadays as in the administration of the Sacraments and the Word of God.

You confusedly referred to the wording of the letter and implied that the words "powers vested in us" have a "coercive" meaning. What the word "vested" implies in the English language is "a thing assigned to a certain possessor." That is all that we claim in our letter.

Under the measure cited a dignity has been conferred on the Church of England as the Established Church of the land and my Parochial Church Council was aware of that dignity when wording the circular.

W. BRYN THOMAS

The Vicarage,
Balham Hill, S.W.12.

VISIT TO RUSSIA

SIR,—In striving to further the exchange of University professors between the U.S.S.R. and this country by raising the matter with Mr. Molotov, Mr. Wigg is beating at an open door. The difficulty does not lie where he imagines. It is well-known that if one goes to Eastern Europe from this country the door of the U.S. automatically slams in one's face. This occurs even if one is asked officially to represent an academic institution at a U.S. Conference. Many University professors have feared to accept invitations to scientific gatherings in Eastern Europe for this reason. One is compelled by the U.S. to choose between Eastern and Western academic and cultural ties. Dictation by that country is by no means confined to matters academic—or comic.

HYMAN LEVY

Imperial College of Science and Technology,
London, S.W.7.

APOLLINAIRE

SIR,—Miss Margaret Davies complains that I have chosen only the most vulnerable aspect of Apollinaire's work "in order to disparage him completely." But I was examining his title to be considered as an important original poet and this can hardly be based on his more traditional poems. However pleasing, they are largely derivative. I am sure Miss Davies will see the force of this if she re-reads Verlaine with Apollinaire in mind. If he has any great significance, it is surely as an innovator—even a muddled one. To forget the "modernist" and promote the "poet of tradition and order" (a rôle which he filled very badly and of which he was hardly conscious until near the end of his life) ultimately leaves him with even less than his due.

Uncertainty strikes me as the keynote of his life *as a young man*. His first apparently successful love affair did not occur until he was twenty-seven. He met both Madeleine and Jacqueline in his thirties, when his character seems to have undergone a profound change, partly because of the war. It is not easy to distinguish between his enjoyment of the *mal-aimé* rôle and his adoption of it in self-defence, but one should not underestimate his early failure with Annie Playden. As to his present standing in France, we might, of course, swap young Frenchmen of contrary opinions indefinitely. I can only say that I know very few who take him seriously. Whatever academic reputation he enjoys rests largely on the necessity of finding a historical forerunner of surrealism. But I was not concerned with his academic reputation.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

SEAN AND MR. WORSLEY

SIR,—In his review of my *Sunset and Evening Star*, Mr. Worsley makes some mis-statements. He says that this book is the concluding volume of four: It is the concluding volume of six.

He says that George Orwell reviewed the first biographical volume: He didn't; he reviewed the third one.

As for the rest, I can only declare before God and the whole livin' world that in writing the book I had no evil intention of rousin' Mr. Worsley out of his snooze, or of hurtin' his feelin's.

But there it is—the book is written, puns an' all, for bettther or for Worseley.

SEAN O'CASEY

Devon.

Books in General

MANY novelists have envied the priest, the doctor and now the psychiatrist, their special opportunities for finding out about human nature. Occasionally one even hears the rash view that gradually the case-history, well set out, will take the place of the novel. The novelist, it is said, has been indolently falsifying life for the last two or three hundred years, but now the patient and disinterested psychologist is able to supply accurate material from intimate personal statements. The matter has hardly been tested out, for very rarely do we find case-histories which have been "realised" in writing. They are chiefly dossiers, written in professional jargon and advanced in the self-congratulatory tone of successful arguments. There have been exceptions: a new book containing three American portraits by Miss Jean Evans* is one, and indicates the advantage that a little art can give to science. But exceptions do not alter the fact that the aims of literature and science are fundamentally different and no artist is likely to be impressed by the psychiatrist's tacit claim to impersonality. Of course, it is not necessary for the novelist to state all the facts, even if he knows them, for he is working to a moral and æsthetic pattern. He is usually interested in groups of human beings, and underlying his work is the knowledge that we cannot know one another and cannot even describe ourselves. In the very arbitrariness, in the personalities, in the projection of wishes, in the convention in which the novelist writes, as well as in the observation, intuition and imagination, lie the meaning and mercy of all important works of art. We require the imposed point of view simply because "life, vulgar life" goes on, dragging its skirts heedlessly behind it, its story meaningless and interminable. It is because life does drag on, because problems are not solved but are simply reshuffled, that case-history depresses us far more than gloomiest of all dramas in a work of art. There can be no purgation whether of horror or laughter. The point at which the case-history *might* become a literary form is on the level of the detective story. We are excited by the search for clues; we are egged on by a criminal who is always changing his form and by a detective who is expert in human fantasy.

In saying all this I do not want to decry Miss Evans's achievement in *Three Men*. Her book is an admirable example of reporting based not on impressionism but on thorough research. American reporters have often excelled in this. She is not choked by her information but has selected it brilliantly. She really does create her people and their background and the mixture of narrative and documentary check-up is very effective. She has sympathy which takes the chill off her impersonal and listening role, but she is never intrusive; and though I have said her cases are depressing—for we are continually saying "There but for the grace of God . . ."—there is another side to this. Faced by the gloomy, incurable backsliding of human beings, we may fall back on the old groans about original sin which the science of psychology has revived; but, when we are less self-indulgent, we admire the persistence, the experience, the love of the psychiatrists and humanitarians she has consulted, and recover our pride in the resilience and curiosity of the civilised mind.

The three men chosen by Miss Evans are: a tough Italian immigrant kid brought up in a violent American slum; Miller, the half-blind orphan and thief who miraculously recovered his sight and who, unable to face the outside world, decided to be blind again; and a very personable but tiring young homosexual of the educated classes who can settle to nothing, partly because he has delusions about the value of snobbery and chastity. The least attractive of these characters—they have all been in the hands of the police at some time or other—he is the most complex and interesting, and his case also throws a lot of light on upper-class marriages in the United States in the late Twenties and Thirties. The root of the trouble, the moral to be drawn from these lives, is that the appetite for love becomes exorbitant if it is once denied. How weary one becomes of these demands for attention, the life-long sullen scream of the wronged child. Here is Johnny Rocco, the now traditional tough kid, brought up on the industrial slag heap, uncontrollable at school, the simple enemy of society:

> I used to have a heart. I was chicken-hearted. Now I don't give a damn for anyone. Everybody's out for himself. . . . Cops? They're no good. Two-bit phonies and racketeers. I'm old now. I know the rackets they run. They beat the law themselves and then they go out and arrest some poor kid. The guys outside the law, they'll gyp you, too. You got to watch your step. Your own gang will insult you. Your own family they'll call you a jerk. I don't team up with anybody.

That is the brassy side of Johnny. The other is the self-pitying scream for love:

> All my life as far as I remember. If I wanted to have something, to be something—No! Never! Not a goddam lousy thing. Anything I wanted, I never could work it. I never could accomplish.

Johnny's father was a brutal, ill-paid Italian drunk, who beat up his wife and his nine children. Johnny's main recollections are of bloody brawls. Yet it would be only half the story to refer him to his social environment; his hatred goes back to the time when he was passionately jealous of his mother's love for his youngest brother who was dying. Man's emotional greed is insatiable. That failure to get as much love as his brother had driven Johnny into his sullen, ungovernable, criminal solitude. Johnny's case turns out to be fairly manageable in the long run. A patient welfare officer, some normal affection, a rough-and-ready marriage, pull him together. He is still a difficult husband, a truculent employee, a jealous father, but he is possibly settling down and moving from the loneliness and barbarism of the injured heart, into civilisation.

William Miller, brought up in an orphanage, is the strangest and most imaginative of Miss Evans's casualties. In middle life his sight returned, and this dramatic incident makes a good short story in itself. Now he is blind again and has given up "the outside world," which was always a hostile, temptation-ridden and homeless place; he has reached one more of his many phases of repentance and at present belongs to a sect which believes that, at the second coming of Christ, the wicked will be denied resurrection for a thousand years. (He has always had a taste for grandiose prophecy.) There is a rhythm of wild, disjointed optimism and death-desiring melancholy in his life. At any given point, when he is planning a new move, his mind jumps the rails:

> (He) was displaying a supreme disregard, not only for the condition of his eyes, but for *all* realities of life. It was mysteriously, as if his sliding scale of vision were, after all, subservient to some higher strategy, with the unquenchable compulsion of his desire, his only necessary magic.

The word "strategy" is certainly required by his mysterious way of thinking. His parents dead, his adored sisters dead, Miller when he was a child withdrew into a peculiar solitude, for all solitudes are not the same. His desire was to go down into the family grave and to join the dead. to become earth again. Later, as a vagrant, he was to make holes in the earth or small huts in the woods where he would pass the hard American winters living on berries and stealing when his store ran out. He liked also to steal bright things which recalled the glass alleys of his childhood. In prison his passion for earth started him on a half-baked course of personal research into soil erosion, and he wandered from State to State indignantly checking the condition of the soil there. He became a good if erratic gardener. Beatitude and exaltation succeed rambling, complaints and suspicion; he is always vowing to give up stealing, hoping to marry and then lapsing into small thefts again. His pleasures lie in nature and animals—he used to like opening the wombs of animals in order to watch the beginning of life and death—but presently the inordinate craving for love sweeps him into unreality and, once more, "the outside world" becomes too much.

These are uneducated men. The case of Martin Beardson is complicated by education, vanity and self-consciousness. He is good at amusing people and provoking them. He wants to be a writer or painter. Do those piles of papers, notes and canvases and newspaper cuttings indicate anything more than a growing confusion? He knows his situation. He is the child of separated parents: he despises his father for being a self-made man and admires his gay mother, a pleasant but racketing creature of the country club type whom he believes comes of a better class. There is violent jealousy of an older brother: once more the belief that love, money, justice have been grabbed from him by someone else. His central conflict lies in sex. He believes that vital spiritual energy is lost in sexual intercourse and his life is a succession of attempts to build up a regime in which he diets, fixes schemes of hours of work and exercise, to drive off sexual desire. Inevitably the regime breaks down, memories of schoolboy "rough and tumbles" overwhelm him; it is not long before he is pro-

* *Three Men.* By JEAN EVANS. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

voking lorry drivers to beat him up. If only his hated father would give him more money, he would be able to live a clean, distinguished, enlightened life. Beardson is possibly one of the casualties of divorce, certainly of fraternal jealousy.

He is interesting because, although conventionally well educated, he is, at 25, still adolescent, half-baked, idle, pretentious, and expects to be Shaw or Nietzsche to-morrow because he has hit upon the great secret: chastity. To say that he was denied love may be true; but his parents behaved with common sense towards him. Why is it that one child is perfectly well and the other disorientated and impossible? Must one grant more and more love to the pathologically possessive and jealous and feed the endless vanity of the self-deluded? Apparently we must, if we are to believe in our civilisation's relatively new cult of "adjustment to reality." There is no price we must not pay, though it require us to be saints. A small twist of focus and Beardson might become some sort of artist. It is the "brawny boys" who have divested him of his powers:

> He turns again to those other symbols, concepts and promises—Gandhi's conquering of "the yammering of the flesh"; Shaw's vegetarianism and "ideal love" for Ellen Terry; the travail of Christian searching for the Celestial City and the escape of Tannhäuser from carnal Venusberg. Finally there is Nietzsche's "eternal justice," "the eternal wheel"—the promise of return at last to that "pure, joyous, childlike" state, "neither striving nor denied," but "innocent in all its instincts."

When Shaw died, Beardson wept. When his mother died, he thought "This is the end of her attention to me."

As Miss Evans says, these lives are still going on. Torrents of words, explanations, justifications, remorse and protest will pour into the ear of the psychiatrists. Between talk and time, something may happen. Meanwhile, we have been watching, with a mixture of fascination and gloom, three possible and mocking shadows of ourselves. They have been delineated with tact and some art. But now one reaches for *The Golovlyov Family*, for *Macbeth*, for *Othello*, in order to be able to face life again. The blackest pages of art are a relief after the meaninglessness of "me first."

V. S. PRITCHETT

GENUS: HOMO

Between the stones the human animal
Walks over names, and spits, and growing old
Keeps dim eyes fixed on empty images
And mutters in the streets, and feels the cold.

Beyond the graves and thinking never of death
The youth as beautiful as a sudden flower
Excuse by grace the bold stare and demand
And smile away with insolence all power.

But at street-corners sometimes after rain
A head will lift to watch white horses pass
And see the towers and hear the names of the dead
And notice shadows moving in the glass.

And then again defeated by the sun
Who loves the strong and those born beautiful
And kills rebellion, walks over the stones
Not good, not young, the human animal.

JENNY JOSEPH

LET INDIA BE THEIR JUDGE

The Guardians. By PHILIP WOODRUFF. *Cape.* 25*s.*

> But let it be our ideal all the same—to fight for the right, to abhor the imperfect, the unjust or the mean, to swerve neither to the right hand nor to the left, to care nothing for flattery or applause, or odium or abuse—it is so easy to have any of them in India—never to let your enthusiasm be soured or your courage grow dim, but to remember that the Almighty has placed your hand on the greatest of his ploughs, in whose furrows the nations of the future are germinating and taking shape, to drive the blade a little forward in your time, and to feel that somewhere among these millions you have left a little justice or happiness or prosperity, a sense of manliness or moral dignity, a spring of patriotism, a dawning of intellectual enlightenment or a stirring of duty where it did not exist before—that is enough, that is the Englishman's justification in India. . . . I have worked for no other end. Let India be my judge.

So Curzon ended his great leaving speech to the British in India. Mr. Woodruff has a good many hard things to say about his Lordship in this book, yet, merely by changing the pronoun, Curzon's words might well stand for its epigraph.

In this second volume the writer carries his story of "The Men Who Ruled India" onwards from the Mutiny down to the end of British rule seven years ago. The book is an even finer achievement than its predecessor, *The Founders*. It is, if anything, better written, and its theme is more homogeneous; Mr. Woodruff has a stronger sympathy for his subject. He is directly as well as temperamentally involved with the I.C.S. of the past 100 years in a way that he never was with the Jos Sedleys of the Company. The latter half of his book is rich in personal experience, both his own and that of the friends and ex-colleagues of whose letters and reminiscences he has made such good use.

His hero is the District Officer—just, paternal, zealous, disinterested, self-sacrificing, distrustful of "bumph" and Secretariats, necessarily reserved with the earth-born ("perhaps after all there was something to be said for aloofness"). Mr. Woodruff depicts the D.O. in all his activities—building roads, digging canals, fighting famine, quelling riots, settling land revenue, fostering education—in everything the father of his people. He lived strenuously, "used to the ideal of hard work and hard play." For the hearties there was tiger, polo, pig-sticking. The mandarins (and there were more of them than one would suppose) filled in their leisure with ethnography, tree-planting, local antiquities. But most men were a mixture of both. They varied their bromides for loneliness.

Perhaps the strangest thing about the I.C.S. was the wonderful variety of human beings it produced. Here Mr. Woodruff gives us ample measure. Nothing in his book is so good as his portrait gallery of service worthies. He rehearses them Ecclesiasticus-fashion, stringing his narrative with the pearls of administration: great lustrous proconsuls like Bartle Frere, the hero of the Punjab, or the ironic "unashamedly civilised" Alfred Lyall. At the other end of his period Mr. Woodruff can match them with the omniscient Hailey and the eccentric, worldly wise Harcourt Butler, who believed there were few questions "which cannot be settled in personal discussion over a cheroot and a cup of tea."

There were the great rebels, such as Allan Octavian Hume, who refused a Lieutenant-Governorship and became first President of the National Congress; Wedderburn, the apostle of village co-operatives; Thorburn, the scourge of the West Punjab moneylenders. But I suspect that Mr. Woodruff particularly delights in the small seed-pearls of the system—Kipling's "men of little showing"—John Beames, the clodhopping Collector, the infuriating Mr. Aubrey Pennell, Boxwell the road-maker, Grant, who brightened the rice market "by buying eighteen tons himself and feeding the poor of his subdivision on it for a year," or Tawney of the Central Provinces, who "quite early in his service was rebuked for not appearing punctually when summoned before a superior. He must come at once, whatever he was doing, he was told. It was a rebuke quite foreign to the traditions of the service and Tawney made the most of it. Next time he was summoned he appeared naked, borne shoulder-high in a tin bathtub by four orderlies."

Such men grew easily into legends:

> In his early days Lely had been administrator of Porbandar State in Kathiawar, and a ballad was made about him of which the last four lines are:
>
> You removed the old Servants of the State and made New ones;
> You abolished the old Stocks and built Police Stations;
> You did away with Hand Looms and introduced Mills;
> You destroyed old Carts and brought the Railway.
> Mad, impious, Lely.
>
> The song was sung at the wells forty years later, but long before he left they had learnt to know him better and used to repeat a rhyming jingle on his name: "*Lely, Lely, raish na beli*—Lely, Lely, protector of the peasant."

Of all this the reader cannot have too much. Yet I cannot help feeling that in his later picture of British India Mr. Woodruff has tended to sacrifice his general perspective to a vivid foreground. He can be brilliantly funny about Simla, the Viceroys, the Central Government, the India Office, and he quotes with approval Macdonnell's magnificent retort to Morley: "I have played upon that stormy harp whose strings are the hearts of men; the noble lord opposite has spent his life writing books about books." Yet, as he himself says, "history was hardly changed by Macdonnell." I wish Mr. Woodruff would some day write a book about the guardians' guardians, the men who *fashioned* British India.

In his epilogue Mr. Woodruff contrasts British India with four other types of imperial government—Spain, Rome, China and the Ottoman Empire. He has little difficulty in disposing of three of them to the Raj's advantage. Yet a fifth comparison, and one much nearer at hand, would surely be more valid than any of these pre-industrial imperialisms? Before embarking on Mr. Woodruff's book I happened to be reading the fourth volume of Professor Carr's *History of Soviet Russia*. Here, if anywhere, is the true contrast to British rule. How would the Five-Year planners have tackled the problem of India? Without going into a detailed analysis, we can be certain that their programme would have included a ruthless and frontal assault on Hinduism, a nation-wide campaign for birth control, the liquidation of the big landowners, vast schemes of public works and a great monolithic drive to increase the country's heavy industry. The results would be startling and beneficial, the marginal casualties would be enormous. And here, surely, is the fundamental cleavage between the Marxist and the Christian or liberal view of what to do about India. For better or worse, the Indian Civil Service was committed to a regard for the individual human life:

> When in 1931 four hundred lives were lost in the Cawnpore Riots, the District Magistrate's career was finished; it was a disaster. As near as could be in a country with some four hundred million inhabitants, the English had tried to ensure that no one should fall to the ground without an enquiry and a Report to Government.

"Every conquest and rule of one country by another has in it the stain of evil." Guy Wint's words are as true of British India as of any other imposed civilisation. Yet one puts this book down, after glancing at Mr. Woodruff's statistical appendix, with a feeling of amazed wonder at the magnitude of the task and at the meagreness, the economy, of the means at hand. Four hundred millions governed by less than two thousand men; five soldiers—one British and four Indian—to every 6,000 of the population! The world has seen nothing like British India in its previous history, and it is unlikely to do so again.

JOHN RAYMOND

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WORDS IN SPATE

Quite Early One Morning. By DYLAN THOMAS. *Dent.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

To read and admire Dylan Thomas, we are already being warned by the younger generation, engaged in raising the hell of a clamour at a wide-open door, is to show "you belong to an age that is passing." Well this particular aged eagle—tail-feathers awry, moulting at the breast, one eye knocked out in battles fought long ago—refuses to stretch its wings at the challenge. There is nothing more futile than to worry about how posterity—or the younger generation—is going to "place" one's contemporaries. Our contemporaries are good if they are good for us *now*. Thomas was, and, after his death, still is; and this book, a collection of all his radio scripts, except for *Under Milk Wood*, shows how and why. It is an enchanting collection, though the second part, consisting of talks on literary subjects, is less exciting than the first: in them, Thomas is on his best behaviour, and when he was on his best behaviour he was at less than his best. What are really valuable here are the reminiscences of childhood and holidays and Swansea and the pieces of casual reporting, on the Festival of Britain, the International Eisteddfod at Llangollen, and the wonderful impression of English lecturers in America.

Thomas was unique in our time in being a fat man in whom there was no thin man struggling to get out. He was utterly without the sense of guilt that overshadows like a cloud the characteristic work of our time. He had kept undimmed the innocent eye of childhood; and yet he was in no way either a *naïf* or a *faux-naïf*. In addition to his gifts as a poet he possessed an extremely good brain and a very acute critical sense both for himself and for the works of others. He was a man with the sharpest eye for nonsense: witness the talk "How to Begin a Story" in which he punctures the pretensions of "the kind of story set in a small, lunatic area of Wessex, full of saintly or reprehensible vicars, wanton maidens, biblical sextons, and old men called Parsnip or Dottle." It is a kind of story highly approved of in those dark dens in Cambridge where Thomas was never approved of.

> Everyone, in this sophisticatedly contrived bucolic morality, has his or her obsession: Minnie Wurzel wants only the vicar; the vicar, the Reverend Nut, wants only the ghost of William Cowper to come into his brown study and read him *The Task*; the Sexton wants worms; worms want the vicar.

Thomas's was a complex personality. Fundamental to his work was a vision of life akin to Traherne's. Life for him was transfigured by a "strange glory." He might have said, with Traherne: "You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars." In this collection the vision shines most clearly in the reminiscences of childhood and in the feature-script "Return Journey," a brilliant piece of radio-writing as beautiful in its smaller way as *Under Milk Wood*. Yet—and here is the paradox—Thomas rendered his joyous and impassioned acceptance of a world transfigured in comic terms. His prose shows this. There are affinities with Joyce and echoes of Auden, but his true exemplar is the Thomas Nashe who wrote *The Unfortunate Traveller*, the Nashe who, in the extravagance of his rhetoric and in the grotesquerie with which he bodies forth the externals of things, so often appears as the forerunner of a whole tradition in English writing, one that takes in Smollett and Dickens and Mr. Wyndham Lewis. In Thomas, as in Nashe, language is in full spate, the words pile up in the same way as in comic writing the absurd is piled on top of the absurd, till the reader is utterly subjugated to laughter:

> There they go, every spring, from New York to Los Angeles: exhibitionists, polemicists, histrionic publicists, theological rhetoricians, historical hoddy-doddies, balletomanes, ulterior decorators, wind-bags, and bigwigs and humbugs, men in love with stamps, men in love with steaks, men after millionaires' widows, men with elephantiasis of the reputation (huge trunks and teeny minds), authorities on gas, bishops, best sellers, editors looking for writers, writers looking for publishers, publishers looking for dollars, existentialists, serious physicists with nuclear missions, men from the B.B.C. who speak as though they had the Elgin Marbles in their mouths, potboiling philosophers, professional Irishmen (very lepri-corny), and I am afraid, fat poets with slim volumes.

When one heard Thomas on the air one always wondered how effective his scripts would be without the noble voice that spoke them, a voice, as he himself knew, that sometimes seemed too good to be true; it could turn brass into gold. The voice is silent; but the words, on the printed page, are as potent as they ever were.

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BEFORE THE BALL WAS OVER

The Struggle for Mastery in Europe, 1848-1918. By A. J. P. TAYLOR. *Oxford.* 30*s.*

Some historians use microscopes; others use telescopes. Mr. Taylor, in his masterly study of European diplomatic history between 1848 and 1918, is content with spectacles, binoculars and unassisted eyes.

The spectacles are not rose-coloured; no other history of modern diplomacy so unflinchingly exposes the plain facts of power, particularly the power of the sovereign state to make war. The binoculars, as we might expect, are not made in Germany; one of the most interesting features of this book is its refusal to take German interpretations of recent history on trust or to lean too heavily on the massive supports of *Die Grosse Politik*. As for the unassisted eyes, they are unmistakably Mr. Taylor's own. They gleam even through the foot-notes and they positively blink in the bibliography where—surely alone among bibliographers—he feels most free to let himself go. He tells us, for instance, of his difficulties in securing access to archives and of how he has exuberantly surmounted them.

> Where government departments often guard their secrets as much to flatter their importance as because they have secrets to guard, the historian must make do as best he can. If he waited until he possessed all the evidence, he would never write at all—a doctrine favoured by some scholars.

Fortunately Mr. Taylor writes as well as sees. He writes indeed, with a liveliness and a wit uncommon in books of this kind and sees far more sharply and clearly than many of his predecessors. What he sees takes him six hundred pages to describe in a weighty chronological analysis of peace and war, crisis and settlement.

Beginning with the diplomacy of revolution and reaction in 1848 and 1849, he considers the Congress of Berlin to be the second great watershed of nineteenth-century diplomatic history. The thirty years preceding it covered a period of conflict and upheaval, out of which Germany and Italy emerged as united and independent nations. The thirty-four years following it were years of peace, a nineteenth-century age of the Antonines, created not by emperors but by business men, by men who were too busy growing rich to have time for war. No European frontier was changed until 1913; no shot was fired until 1912 except in two wars which miscarried; when swords were rattled, it was because no one believed that they would ever be used. Expansion outside Europe was more of a safety valve than a source of danger. Even if there had been no Austro-German or Franco-Russian alliances, there would still have been peace.

The breakdown was caused not by the proliferation or hardening of alliances, but by German desires to establish peacefully their predominance over the Continent and thus be free to challenge the British overseas. The first Moroccan crisis and the Congress of Algeciras in 1906 shattered the long Bismarckian peace. It could never be restored again, particularly after 1911, when the intervention of public opinion transformed what had been crises of diplomacy into warlike demonstrations of popular national purpose. Mr. Taylor is old-fashioned enough to believe that the ultimate crisis of 1914 can be simply explained without any fuss. Austria-Hungary, Germany's ally, was growing weaker; Germany was at the height of her strength. They each decided on war for opposite motives, and the two decisions together made inevitable the struggle of 1914-18.

Behind this panorama of incidents Mr. Taylor sees a pattern, what he calls "the perpetual quadrille of the Balance of Power." It was a quadrille rather than a whirligig. The dancers were few—mostly the same great powers who had waltzed at the Congress of Vienna; the steps were familiar and usually executed with polish; the ballroom was redecorated but never extended; and the music seldom stopped, however tired the dancers became. Only at the end of the book, when Mr. Taylor himself tires of watching, did the dance become a dance of death and parts of the ballroom a ruin. His story concludes with the Russian Revolution, the arrival of United States troops in Europe and the declaration of the Fourteen Points. The Ball at last was over; many Europeans were abandoning their belief in the traditional balance of power just at the moment when it was ceasing to exist. Wars of creeds and bids for universal mastery were to dominate the future, and any new balance would have to concern itself not only with European frontiers but with new nations and, in time, with iron curtains. Overlooking twenty years of continued European argument between 1919 and 1939, Mr. Taylor can discern, even in the events of 1918, the end of Europe as the centre of the world and the beginning of the "European question". The Ball was over, but the debate continues.

There are many points both in the narrative and in the analysis where technical historians can and will challenge Mr. Taylor. Sometimes we have to take his word on trust; sometimes we need to rest and think three times about his brilliant epigrams; sometimes we pine for a closer study of the economic and social background of diplomacy; on more than one occasion we feel the

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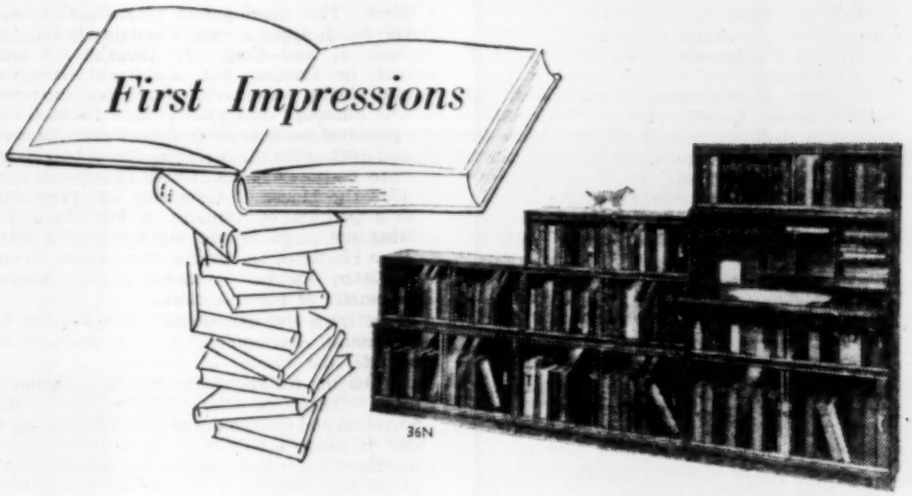

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necessity for applying microscopes as well as binoculars to the detailed scrutiny of particular problems and judgments. But whatever we do will be influenced by what he has done, for he has reopened the nineteenth century rather than closed it down. General readers will be less interested in challenge than in response; they may well be content to forget the documents and sit back and watch the Ball. There are features of the quadrille which not even the square dance has rendered obsolete, and, although the music sounds very different now, it still goes on.

ASA BRIGGS

THE GALAXIES

The History of Astronomy. By GIORGIO ABETTI. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 25*s.*

Atomic energy and hydrogen bombs have stolen the thunder of mid-century science. But long before Hiroshima, astronomers knew that the sun and the stars achieved their heat and light through the release of atomic energy on the grand scale. Even in 1929 Eddington wrote about the possibility of the practical utilisation of atomic energy as "an illusive hope which it would be wrong to encourage; but in the present state of the world it is rather a threat which it would be a great responsibility to disparage altogether." The astronomer whose brain was concerned with happenings in the remote depths of space was so impressed by the fundamental power locked up in nature that he already feared "the ominous cloud in the distance, though at present it is no bigger than a man's hand."

However, man did not turn to the stars to find the solution of the release of atomic energy on earth—although no doubt those responsible for making hydrogen bombs learnt much from the elegant processes which occur in the interiors of the sun and stars. One must retrace the history of astronomy for two or three hundred years in order to find the one classic example of a fervent appeal to the heavens for the solution of a practical problem. The development of navigation was gravely handicapped by man's inability to find his position at sea—Columbus thought he had arrived in Cathay, but discovered America instead. Many prizes were offered, and the most famous European observatories were founded for the principal purpose of finding a practical and precise method for the determination of longitude. For this purpose Charles II built Greenwich, and in 1714 the House of Commons was presented with a petition by captains of Her Majesty's fighting and cargo vessels. But the awards went to John Harrison, an English watchmaker, many years later, for his invention of the marine chronometer or portable clock.

Apart from the undoubted impetus given to astronomical development by this problem of longitude, the history of astronomy is one of man's striving for knowledge of objects infinitely remote. Three or four centuries ago, when Copernicus and Galileo began to find out the truth about the insignificance of the earth in the cosmic plan, there was a most violent reaction from the ecclesiastical authorities. Otherwise astronomers have pursued their chosen occupation unhindered and endowed only by those with the purest motives.

In reading a concentrated history of astronomical development covering thousands of years one is forcibly struck by the nature of the revolution introduced by the telescope. The discoveries and beliefs of astronomers in the thousand years before Galileo are of little significance compared with the astonishing developments of the succeeding 300 years. With his small telescope Galileo saw the satellites revolving around Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, spots on the Sun and the phases of Venus. At last the lowly situation of the earth in the solar system was placed beyond doubt. One hundred and fifty years later William Herschel built a telescope forty-eight inches in diameter and was able to speculate on the structure of the Milky Way system. He concluded that the millions of stars in the Milky Way were contained in a space of the form of a disc whose diameter is five times its thickness. Although Herschel came close to the truth in this speculation on the shape of the Milky Way he could not have anticipated the vastness of space which was to be revealed in our own age by the great American hundred-inch telescope on Mount Wilson and more recently the two hundred-inch Hale telescope on Mount Palomar. Neither did he foresee that, as the earth had been dethroned from the centre of the solar system, so the sun would be dethroned from its position at the centre of the universe. As seen in these telescopes the universe extends for one thousand million light years, and contains millions of galaxies similar to the Milky Way system, each containing one thousand million, or perhaps 10,000 million stars.

In his book Professor Abetti covers the whole scope of astronomical development from the superstitious beliefs of the Chaldeans to the sophistication of present-day research on the American mountain tops. It is difficult to write comprehensively of the development of two thousand years of astronomy in 300 pages without giving the appearance of a catalogue. Abetti has not overcome the difficulty. Neither is it clear for whom the book is intended. The story of Galileo and Newton is not sufficiently well written to interest those who know it already, and some of the details about twentieth-century concepts are so technical that they are capable of interpretation only by those who are already well acquainted with the story. Nevertheless, histories of astronomy written by distinguished astronomers are rare enough to temper criticism.

In 1932, when addressing the International Astronomical Union on the expanding universe, Eddington made his famous remark: "My subject disperses the galaxies, but it unites the earth." Abetti's book is full of illustrations of the essentially international character of astronomy, and ends with a description of the work of the International Astronomical Union, and of the world's leading observatories.

A. C. B. LOVELL

John Hadfield

does it again

Two years ago the gift book of the season was *A Book of Beauty* (36,000 copies sold to date). Its successor, *A Book of Delights* (18/6), was published on 29th October, and is already heavily oversold. A reprint is now being rushed through before Christmas and orders should be placed immediately with your bookseller for collection early in December.

HULTON PRESS

TWO VIEWS OF CHINA

The Umbrella Garden. By MARIA YEN *Macmillan Company, N.Y.* 28*s.*

Journey to New China. By MARGARET GARLAND. *Caxton Press.* 21*s.*

"The Chinese Revolution, whether we like it or not, has come to stay," says the Foreword to one of these books, "and it is always wise to come to terms with the inevitable." This rather bullying advice is no doubt sound policy; but most of us are so conditioned by the world we live in that we tend to take sides emotionally, whatever attitude expediency may oblige us to adopt in practice. If anyone, as yet emotionally uncommitted, were to read these two books in the hope of finding an answer, his bewilderment might well lead him to suppose that one of the two authors is a liar. For Miss Yen, the Communist Revolution was a monstrous betrayal; to Mrs. Garland it appeared as a redemption. Yet my own impression is that each of these writers is sincere, and each telling the truth to the best of her ability.

I think it is sometimes forgotten that the Chinese Revolution was in fact a Civil War. The Communists won it, with vastly inferior forces, not because of the American Democrats, but because most Chinese felt that they could not be worse than the existing government. It was neither a spontaneous uprising of the people, nor a brutal conquest by an army of superior might. In the last resort it was the unvoiced consent of the great mass of the people to give Communism a trial.

Miss Yen was one of those many Chinese undergraduates who in 1948 looked forward to Liberation with fervent anticipation. I found her book extremely painful to read because, though I do not know her personally, I was a student at the same university at the same time as she was; and whilst her experiences drove her to anti-revolutionary activity in Hongkong, mine left me, after my return to England, a sympathetic spectator. Most of what she says is quite true, of course. The first days were tremendous fun for the students: preaching to the benighted citizens, marches and meetings, teasing the professors, and so on. Later, life became harder and more austere. An affluent foreigner, I never had to eat the deplorable "silk cake," but I remember the constipation queues in the doctor's room. The figures she gives for tubercular students are what I heard myself (though they were certainly no fewer before the Communists arrived). As for the debasing of academic standards, the perpetual political nagging of students by each other, and the brow-beating of teachers who mostly wanted to get on with a job, and conformed because they thought it would all be for the best (Miss Yen feels that this was some sort of betrayal), these are more serious charges.

On the whole they are true; but there are two points which I missed in the book and should like to make here. One is that, as far as one could see, most students were enthusiastically behind all the changes, and the bullying was of a minority by a large majority, not of the majority by a handful of Commissars. In other words, this was democracy, albeit of a crude and oppressive kind. The second point is that the government were desperately in need of administrators, and ultimately persuaded a by no means docilely acquiescent university to limit courses so that people suitable for immediate government employment could be turned out as quickly as possible. The result of this policy was that serious academic work became largely confined to research departments. In some instances this caused a good deal of disappointment when clever students found themselves after graduation offered dreary chores in the duller branches of government. It was just such a disappointment which finally decided Miss Yen to quit.

I deeply sympathise with Miss Yen, but, though I realise that my disagreement must seem a little glib (since she has suffered and I have not), I cannot share her conclusions. I feel, like the unhappy, self-accusing teachers, that where great

changes are needed quickly, excesses are perhaps unavoidable. This may be a Bray-like attitude, but Chinese scholars have sought martyrdom before now, and their present conformity cannot, I feel sure, be put down entirely to timidity.

Mrs. Garland's book, the record of a few weeks spent in China on a delegation, belongs to a numerous and growing class, but of its class it is very good. Her artistic sensibility and good nature caused her to interest herself in many more things besides production statistics, and it would seem, to fall in love at first sight with the Chinese. Personally I think that the amount one can learn from these trips is strictly limited. For instance, if Mrs. Garland had gone a couple of years earlier, Miss Yen's might have been one of the smiling young faces which greeted her.

Both writers have sincerity. The inquirer after Truth must be content with that, and with the reflection that Truth is a many-sided thing which no single book can entirely convey—and perhaps not even two.

DAVID HAWKES

NEW NOVELS

The Relic. By EÇA DE QUEIROZ. *Reinhardt.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Death Is My Trade. By ROBERT MERLE. *Verschoyle.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Feast of July. By H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sweet Thursday. By JOHN STEINBECK. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Easter Egg Hunt. By SPEED LAMKIN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Heart of the Storm. By DAVID BEATY. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In Lisbon once, during a delicious pink, blue and yellow Lusitanian autumn, I was taken to lunch at a literary club named after Portugal's greatest novelist, Eça de Queiroz (1843-1900). Round the walls were glass cases containing beautifully worked little silken puppets enacting tableaux from his stories. I was told he was a blend of Dickens, Balzac and Flaubert, with a dash of Stendhal. I registered polite impressement, apologised for my ignorance and allowed my attention to be distracted by *baçalao* (dried cod, delicious) and *vinho verde*, that wistfully effervescent young white, not green, wine.

Now, at last, some years after my visit to his shrine, half a century after his death, I can read him in English. He spent much of his life in the Portuguese Diplomatic Service, was very cosmopolitan, full of French influences, but very Portuguese. Perhaps not quite the Titan of letters that some of his more enthusiastic countrymen claim, he yet deserves the title of Master. He gives you that genuine electric thrill which comes from creative vitality plus style.

The Relic is a more original book than *Cousin Bazilio*, another of his novels which was recently translated into English and is the first to be published in this country, a domestic tragi-comedy about a Lisboan Mme Bovary. It is a most unusual piece of religious satire; to get the last drop out of it you possibly need to be a Latin Catholic, preferably a lapsed one. It is told by Theodorico, a cynical young rogue with the particularly Portuguese faculty for combining sex and sentimentality. His aunt and guardian is a fanatically religious old lady who rules him with a rod of iron and insists on a rigid standard of piety and propriety. He deceives her elaborately, coming home from his mistress reeking of incense so that he has "the satisfaction of hearing Auntie sniff delightedly and say: 'Heavens, what a good smell of church!'" But his position remains insecure, and in order to consolidate it he makes a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, promising Auntie that he will bring back a relic of surpassing holiness. In Alexandria he has an affair with a pretty Yorkshire miss (the kind that Stendhal might have picked) and sails for Palestine, taking with him her nightdress, and accompanied by Dr. Topsius, a comic German savant whom he has met *en voyage*.

For the relic he procures, from a bush in the Jordan Valley, one of those plants, familiar to all old Palestine hands, that remind you of sink-scrubbers, nothing less than the Crown of Thorns. At this point, in contrast to the superstition and bogus piety which de Queiroz is satirising, Theodorico proceeds to have a long, hauntingly vivid dream, a most exciting interlude, this, in which he and Dr. Topsius witness the Crucifixion. Here, as elsewhere in the book, there are some remarkable flashes of insight into the similarity, *and* the difference, between religious and sexual emotions. Back in Lisbon the grotesque farcical note is resumed. The parcels containing the nightdress and the relic get switched. Theodorico is disinherited, but a friend finds him a snug berth. It is a most impressive novel, witty and moving, with crackling characters, deeper than I have been able to indicate. The translation, made in America some years ago by Aubrey F. G. Bell, reads most smoothly.

Turn, now, to a modern European didactic *tour de force*. *Death Is My Trade* is the life story, as if told by himself in the first person, of Rudolf Lang, born in 1900, hanged in 1947, the Commandant of Auschwitz. M. Merle's intention is to show you how Germany, history and the circumstances produced such people. Lang, though never a pleasant character, was not preeminently a sadistic monster. M. Merle presents him as a study in Nazi fervour, Teutonic thoroughness and blockhead logic. The early stages of his career were: fighting as a young

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necessity for applying microscopes as well as binoculars to the detailed scrutiny of particular problems and judgments. But whatever we do will be influenced by what he has done, for he has reopened the nineteenth century rather than closed it down. General readers will be less interested in challenge than in response; they may well be content to forget the documents and sit back and watch the Ball. There are features of the quadrille which not even the square dance has rendered obsolete, and, although the music sounds very different now, it still goes on.

ASA BRIGGS

THE GALAXIES

The History of Astronomy. By GIORGIO ABETTI. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 25*s.*

Atomic energy and hydrogen bombs have stolen the thunder of mid-century science. But long before Hiroshima, astronomers knew that the sun and the stars achieved their heat and light through the release of atomic energy on the grand scale. Even in 1929 Eddington wrote about the possibility of the practical utilisation of atomic energy as "an illusive hope which it would be wrong to encourage; but in the present state of the world it is rather a threat which it would be a great responsibility to disparage altogether." The astronomer whose brain was concerned with happenings in the remote depths of space was so impressed by the fundamental power locked up in nature that he already feared "the ominous cloud in the distance, though at present it is no bigger than a man's hand."

However, man did not turn to the stars to find the solution of the release of atomic energy on earth—although no doubt those responsible for making hydrogen bombs learnt much from the elegant processes which occur in the interiors of the sun and stars. One must retrace the history of astronomy for two or three hundred years in order to find the one classic example of a fervent appeal to the heavens for the solution of a practical problem. The development of navigation was gravely handicapped by man's inability to find his position at sea—Columbus thought he had arrived in Cathay, but discovered America instead. Many prizes were offered, and the most famous European observatories were founded for the principal purpose of finding a practical and precise method for the determination of longitude. For this purpose Charles II built Greenwich, and in 1714 the House of Commons was presented with a petition by captains of Her Majesty's fighting and cargo vessels. But the awards went to John Harrison, an English watchmaker, many years later, for his invention of the marine chronometer or portable clock.

Apart from the undoubted impetus given to astronomical development by this problem of longitude, the history of astronomy is one of man's striving for knowledge of objects infinitely remote. Three or four centuries ago, when Copernicus and Galileo began to find out the truth about the insignificance of the earth in the cosmic plan, there was a most violent reaction from the ecclesiastical authorities. Otherwise astronomers have pursued their chosen occupation unhindered and endowed only by those with the purest motives.

In reading a concentrated history of astronomical development covering thousands of years one is forcibly struck by the nature of the revolution introduced by the telescope. The discoveries and beliefs of astronomers in the thousand years before Galileo are of little significance compared with the astonishing developments of the succeeding 300 years. With his small telescope Galileo saw the satellites revolving around Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, spots on the Sun and the phases of Venus. At last the lowly situation of the earth in the solar system was placed beyond doubt. One hundred and fifty years later William Herschel built a telescope forty-eight inches in diameter and was able to speculate on the structure of the Milky Way system. He concluded that the millions of stars in the Milky Way were contained in a space of the form of a disc whose diameter is five times its thickness. Although Herschel came close to the truth in this speculation on the shape of the Milky Way he could not have anticipated the vastness of space which was to be revealed in our own age by the great American hundred-inch telescope on Mount Wilson and more recently the two hundred-inch Hale telescope on Mount Palomar. Neither did he foresee that, as the earth had been dethroned from the centre of the solar system, so the sun would be dethroned from its position at the centre of the universe. As seen in these telescopes the universe extends for one thousand million light years, and contains millions of galaxies similar to the Milky Way system, each containing one thousand million, or perhaps 10,000 million stars.

In his book Professor Abetti covers the whole scope of astronomical development from the superstitious beliefs of the Chaldeans to the sophistication of present-day research on the American mountain tops. It is difficult to write comprehensively of the development of two thousand years of astronomy in 300 pages without giving the appearance of a catalogue. Abetti has not overcome the difficulty. Neither is it clear for whom the book is intended. The story of Galileo and Newton is not sufficiently well written to interest those who know it already, and some of the details about twentieth-century concepts are so technical that they are capable of interpretation only by those who are already well acquainted with the story. Nevertheless, histories of astronomy written by distinguished astronomers are rare enough to temper criticism.

In 1932, when addressing the International Astronomical Union on the expanding universe, Eddington made his famous remark: "My subject disperses the galaxies, but it unites the earth." Abetti's book is full of illustrations of the essentially international character of astronomy, and ends with a description of the work of the International Astronomical Union, and of the world's leading observatories.

A. C. B. LOVELL

John Hadfield

does it again

Two years ago the gift book of the season was *A Book of Beauty* (36,000 copies sold to date). Its successor, *A Book of Delights* (18/6), was published on 29th October, and is already heavily oversold. A reprint is now being rushed through before Christmas and orders should be placed immediately with your bookseller for collection early in December.

HULTON PRESS

TWO VIEWS OF CHINA

The Umbrella Garden. By MARIA YEN *Macmillan Company, N.Y.* 28*s.*

Journey to New China. By MARGARET GARLAND. *Caxton Press.* 21*s.*

"The Chinese Revolution, whether we like it or not, has come to stay," says the Foreword to one of these books, "and it is always wise to come to terms with the inevitable." This rather bullying advice is no doubt sound policy; but most of us are so conditioned by the world we live in that we tend to take sides emotionally, whatever attitude expediency may oblige us to adopt in practice. If anyone, as yet emotionally uncommitted, were to read these two books in the hope of finding an answer, his bewilderment might well lead him to suppose that one of the two authors is a liar. For Miss Yen, the Communist Revolution was a monstrous betrayal; to Mrs. Garland it appeared as a redemption. Yet my own impression is that each of these writers is sincere, and each telling the truth to the best of her ability.

I think it is sometimes forgotten that the Chinese Revolution was in fact a Civil War. The Communists won it, with vastly inferior forces, not because of the American Democrats, but because most Chinese felt that they could not be worse than the existing government. It was neither a spontaneous uprising of the people, nor a brutal conquest by an army of superior might. In the last resort it was the unvoiced consent of the great mass of the people to give Communism a trial.

Miss Yen was one of those many Chinese undergraduates who in 1948 looked forward to Liberation with fervent anticipation. I found her book extremely painful to read because, though I do not know her personally, I was a student at the same university at the same time as she was; and whilst her experiences drove her to anti-revolutionary activity in Hongkong, mine left me, after my return to England, a sympathetic spectator. Most of what she says is quite true, of course. The first days were tremendous fun for the students: preaching to the benighted citizens, marches and meetings, teasing the professors, and so on. Later, life became harder and more austere. An affluent foreigner, I never had to eat the deplorable "silk cake," but I remember the constipation queues in the doctor's room. The figures she gives for tubercular students are what I heard myself (though they were certainly no fewer before the Communists arrived). As for the debasing of academic standards, the perpetual political nagging of students by each other, and the brow-beating of teachers who mostly wanted to get on with a job, and conformed because they thought it would all be for the best (Miss Yen feels that this was some sort of betrayal), these are more serious charges.

On the whole they are true; but there are two points which I missed in the book and should like to make here. One is that, as far as one could see, most students were enthusiastically behind all the changes, and the bullying was of a minority by a large majority, not of the majority by a handful of Commissars. In other words, this was democracy, albeit of a crude and oppressive kind. The second point is that the government were desperately in need of administrators, and ultimately persuaded a by no means docilely acquiescent university to limit courses so that people suitable for immediate government employment could be turned out as quickly as possible. The result of this policy was that serious academic work became largely confined to research departments. In some instances this caused a good deal of disappointment when clever students found themselves after graduation offered dreary chores in the duller branches of government. It was just such a disappointment which finally decided Miss Yen to quit.

I deeply sympathise with Miss Yen, but, though I realise that my disagreement must seem a little glib (since she has suffered and I have not), I cannot share her conclusions. I feel, like the unhappy, self-accusing teachers, that where great

changes are needed quickly, excesses are perhaps unavoidable. This may be a Bray-like attitude, but Chinese scholars have sought martyrdom before now, and their present conformity cannot, I feel sure, be put down entirely to timidity.

Mrs. Garland's book, the record of a few weeks spent in China on a delegation, belongs to a numerous and growing class, but of its class it is very good. Her artistic sensibility and good nature caused her to interest herself in many more things besides production statistics, and, it would seem, to fall in love at first sight with the Chinese. Personally I think that the amount one can learn from these trips is strictly limited. For instance, if Mrs. Garland had gone a couple of years earlier, Miss Yen's might have been one of the smiling young faces which greeted her.

Both writers have sincerity. The inquirer after Truth must be content with that, and with the reflection that Truth is a many-sided thing which no single book can entirely convey—and perhaps not even two.

DAVID HAWKES

NEW NOVELS

The Relic. By EÇA DE QUEIROZ. *Reinhardt.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Death Is My Trade. By ROBERT MERLE. *Verschoyle.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Feast of July. By H. E. BATES. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Sweet Thursday. By JOHN STEINBECK. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Easter Egg Hunt. By SPEED LAMKIN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Heart of the Storm. By DAVID BEATY. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In Lisbon once, during a delicious pink, blue and yellow Lusitanian autumn, I was taken to lunch at a literary club named after Portugal's greatest novelist, Eça de Queiroz (1843-1900). Round the walls were glass cases containing beautifully worked little silken puppets enacting tableaux from his stories. I was told he was a blend of Dickens, Balzac and Flaubert, with a dash of Stendhal. I registered polite impressement, apologised for my ignorance and allowed my attention to be distracted by *baçalao* (dried cod, delicious) and *vinho verde*, that wistfully effervescent young white, not green, wine.

Now, at last, some years after my visit to his shrine, half a century after his death, I can read him in English. He spent much of his life in the Portuguese Diplomatic Service, was very cosmopolitan, full of French influences, but very Portuguese. Perhaps not quite the Titan of letters that some of his more enthusiastic countrymen claim, he yet deserves the title of Master. He gives you that genuine electric thrill which comes from creative vitality plus style.

The Relic is a more original book than *Cousin Bazilio*, another of his novels which was recently translated into English and is the first to be published in this country, a domestic tragi-comedy about a Lisboan Mme Bovary. It is a most unusual piece of religious satire; to get the last drop out of it you possibly need to be a Latin Catholic, preferably a lapsed one. It is told by Theodorico, a cynical young rogue with the particularly Portuguese faculty for combining sex and sentimentality. His aunt and guardian is a fanatically religious old lady who rules him with a rod of iron and insists on a rigid standard of piety and propriety. He deceives her elaborately, coming home from his mistress reeking of incense so that he has "the satisfaction of hearing Auntie sniff delightedly and say: 'Heavens, what a good smell of church!'" But his position remains insecure, and in order to consolidate it he makes a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, promising Auntie that he will bring back a relic of surpassing holiness. In Alexandria he has an affair with a pretty Yorkshire miss (the kind that Stendhal might have picked) and sails for Palestine, taking with him her nightdress, and accompanied by Dr. Topsius, a comic German savant whom he has met *en voyage*.

For the relic he procures, from a bush in the Jordan Valley, one of those plants, familiar to all old Palestine hands, that remind you of sink-scrubbers, nothing less than the Crown of Thorns. At this point, in contrast to the superstition and bogus piety which de Queiroz is satirising, Theodorico proceeds to have a long, hauntingly vivid dream, a most exciting interlude, this, in which he and Dr. Topsius witness the Crucifixion. Here, as elsewhere in the book, there are some remarkable flashes of insight into the similarity, *and* the difference, between religious and sexual emotions. Back in Lisbon the grotesque farcical note is resumed. The parcels containing the nightdress and the relic get switched. Theodorico is disinherited, but a friend finds him a snug berth. It is a most impressive novel, witty and moving, with crackling characters, deeper than I have been able to indicate. The translation, made in America some years ago by Aubrey F. G. Bell, reads most smoothly.

Turn, now, to a modern European didactic *tour de force*. *Death Is My Trade* is the life story, as if told by himself in the first person, of Rudolf Lang, born in 1900, hanged in 1947, the Commandant of Auschwitz. M. Merle's intention is to show you how Germany, history and the circumstances produced such people. Lang, though never a pleasant character, was not preeminently a sadistic monster. M. Merle presents him as a study in Nazi fervour, Teutonic thoroughness and blockhead logic. The early stages of his career were: fighting as a young

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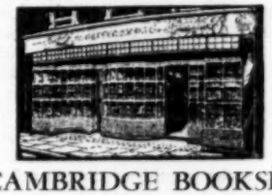

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soldier with the Turks in Palestine in the first world war; being jailed as a fanatical young Storm Trooper for his part in an "execution"; farming in East Prussia on the estate of a Junker Baron. Then he was hand-picked by Himmler for his absolute discipline and organising ability, made a concentration camp commandant, and finally put in charge of the largest mass extermination unit of all. M. Merle does his best to make this progress seem natural and inevitable, telling it very skilfully, and readably, in brisk sentences with plenty of dialogue; wherever possible, he gives Lang credit for normal human feelings, which makes it all the more horrifying. It is just about as well done as such a scarifying literary exercise could be done, and politically most salutary. No doubt M. Merle felt compelled to do it.

Messrs. Bates and Steinbeck both return to earlier manners of theirs. *The Feast of July* is set in the late-nineteenth-century Midlands with an accurate working-class background. Its heroine, Bella Ford, after being betrayed by her lover, finds refuge with a family of shoemakers, but has to endure more severe trials. The detail is painstaking, with every earwig-bone and cress leaf starkly noted, but Bella never quite comes to life. With *Sweet Thursday* Mr. Steinbeck is back in Monterey with his Cannery Row characters. The plot hinges on the wooing of Doc, the shaggy, classless, marine biologist, and Suzy, newest recruit to the local brothel. It is, I suppose, great fun for some, but rather too whimsical and Hollywooden for me, especially when Suzy leaves the brothel and lives in an old boiler.

The Easter Egg Hunt starts off by being very tolerable pastiche of Scott Fitzgerald. It is told by a young magazine writer living in Hollywood, witnessing a strange triangle with, for apices, a film director, an oil tycoon and the latter's blonde doll-wife, who keeps on getting drunk and disgracing him by telling everybody how he bought her from her mother. Gradually it becomes more jerky, and cheap and contrived, but it remains entertaining, gives you Hollywood highbrows as well as film people, and lots of terrible parties, falling into swimming pools, passing out in beach huts.

Lastly, *The Heart of the Storm*; entertaining enough but do not read it if you are nervous of flying. It is about the private lives of the pilots of a *British* air line. One of them is having a tremendous affair with a Czech girl in the Azores; another is being repeatedly seduced in the Bahamas and Panama by a determined stewardess. The First Officers are hopelessly undertrained. The management of the line are pressing for longer flights and lower expenses until the inevitable disaster comes. The human relations are a bit novelettishly done, but the flying description is consistently excellent.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

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MAXIM GORKY
My Childhood—In The World—My Universities.

To the reader this autobiography is continuously exciting, and sometimes entrancing.—*The Observer.* 25*s.*

ELEK BOOKS

GOD SAVE THE POEM

New Poems 1954. A P.E.N. Anthology. Edited by REX WARNER, LAURIE LEE and CHRISTOPHER HASSALL. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The editors of *New Poems 1954* who offer a hundred poems by a hundred writers, succeed in their aim of presenting "perhaps a clearer impression of the state of poetry in our language at the given point of time." While most of the contributors are "unestablished," they have nearly all been writing poems for some time. If the reader expects to find the poems uninhibited by fashions, and therefore hopes to discover a truer poetry, he will be disappointed. The moods and attitudes expressed are sincere; but this does not provide any compensation for the lack of poetic power in the expression: generally they are not really moods and attitudes at all, but evidence of a wholesale and ill-informed acceptance of professional standards which have never been properly verified. Criticism taking advantage of universal uncertainty and literary ignorance, seems to be encroaching on creativity. Uncreative critics not only seek to demonstrate their theories in action, but also cause poets to torment their original impulses into conforming but unnatural shapes.

Most poets are writing, on widely separated levels of ability, to one or other of the formulas now acceptable. An extreme example, where the exposition actually obscures the sense, is Mr. Arthur Boyars's *Poem*, which is grotesque in its attempt to reproduce Mr. Empson's manner, as well as in its imprecise and unsuggestive imagery:

> Supremest fictions grow with fungus speed,
> The drunk by lies, the diver knows by art
> The blurry wreck grown fairy-tale with weed.
>
> Soon sight confounds the truth germ in the hear
> With a new myth matured with novel ease.
> From unlived histories which do not smart
>
> The germ divides, the fictions lunge and
> squeeze . . .

The difficulties arise from Mr. Boyars's desire to convey something which, good or bad, is uniquely Mr. Empson's. He succeeds only in showing himself deficient in humour. It reads like the result of a game in which each of the guests at a party in honour of Mr. Empson had written a line in homage, and folded it over before passing it on. Yet I am sure some kind of emotion existed behind it—until Mr. Boyars had it tortured and executed by the overworked and discipline-ridden officers of his confused critical headquarters.

In contrast we have Mr. John Smith, whose *Ode to the Memory of Sidney Keyes* employs a method that relies entirely on rhetoric. Like Mr. Boyars, Mr. Smith is so engrossed in reproducing the manner of his model that he forgets everything else; he fails to see that besides cruelly parodying Keyes's defects his poem reads like a synthesis of the worst elements of English subpoetry since 1940—and in this it provides a fair illustration of the quality of most of the book.

There are exceptions: several unpretentious pieces frankly composed in a "verse" tradition, notably those by Mr. Basil Dowling, Mr. Basil Godfrey Ashton, and Miss Carla Lanyon. Some poets, such as Mr. J. C. Hall, Mr. Michael Hamburger, Mr. Thomas Blackburn, are not really on top of their form. Mr. Edwin Muir fulfils expectations. Mr. Cecil Day Lewis is queerly at his best with a sort of prize poem which I found rather moving. The difficult poems by Miss Elizabeth Jennings and Mr. Anthony Thwaite both suffer from verbal and rhythmical strain; but this is due to these poets' refusal to say what they don't mean: such a sense of proper failure is notable in this context. It is worth noting that the most successfully accomplished poem, by Mr. Anthony Cronin, is almost light verse.

The general conclusion must be that poets are not following their own noses; partly for the good reason that they don't trust themselves on unfamiliar ground; partly because they are discouraged from so doing by being early assigned to a "school." They are not carefully studying those whom they admire—their attempts to reproduce them prove this. It is as if we were waiting for a new controversy: The Poem is Dead. God Save the Poem.

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH

SHORTER REVIEWS

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939. First Series. Volume V, 1919. Edited by E. L. WOODWARD and ROHAN BUTLER. *H.M.S.O.* 70*s.*

This volume contains sweepings from the waste-paper basket of the Foreign Office in 1919. None is important; most are not even readable. There are scraps of gossip, ranging from the political situation in Spain to the question of Spitzbergen. The most substantial problem was the attempt to negotiate a new treaty with Belgium, to replace the guarantee which Germany had infringed in 1914. This treaty was never achieved, owing to disputes between Belgium and Holland; but the hundreds of pages of protocols in French have little or nothing to do with British policy. There is equally little of interest or importance in Lord Grey's mission to Washington at the end of 1919. For President Wilson fell ill, the Senate rejected the treaty of Versailles, and Grey's only duty was to keep quiet. The volume succeeds in demonstrating that most records are not worth reading, let alone publishing. Perhaps it was hoped to choke the reader with the twaddle, so that he would cease to be inquisitive about the really important material which remains secret and unpublished.

The King My Brother. By CYRIL HUGHES HARTMANN. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Mr. Hartmann's present volume, which is a compact rehash of three of his earlier works, contains a modernised transcription of all the extant letters between Charles II and his sister, Madame, Henriette d'Orléans, accompanied by a somewhat ponderous commentary whose chief purpose is to elucidate the negotiations which led up to the Secret Treaty of Dover and to extol its conclusion. Mr. Hartmann believes that Charles, in securing a French in place of a Dutch alliance, was clear-headedly acting in the best interests of his country, and thus laying the foundations of British mercantile and maritime supremacy. "Is it altogether inconceivable," he asks, "that Charles II, with his great knowledge and experience and his quick and subtle intelligence, may have possessed a far deeper and clearer understanding of foreign affairs than did his subjects?" We have recently been asked to imagine the same to have been true of certain Conservative statesmen between the wars.

The Whigs will be stiffened in their incredulity by Mr. Hartmann's fervent royalism. He can hardly speak of Madame without a sigh over the "tragedy of her untimely death," or a mention of her "exquisite dancing," her devotion, or (save the mark) her chastity. He recognises that "physical attractions unfortunately counted much with Charles," but he assures us that his "brilliant intelligence missed nothing and directed all." The letters themselves do much more than Mr. Hartmann's fulsomeness to demonstrate Charles' skill as a negotiator, and the human warmth of his relations with his sister: despite the emasculation of

modern dress, his style is personal and pungent. There is, however, a curious veil of oblique formality which descends upon these vivid creatures whenever the talk is of politics. Where have the people gone, and what is the point of this subtle statecraft, asks the reader.

The Absorption of Immigrants. By S. N. EISENSTADT. *Routledge.* 25*s.*

Nowadays we are all to some extent displaced persons, for few of us spend a long time in one spot and even if we do our roots are disturbed by alterations in the social soil around us. For this reason, sociologists are rightly concerned with change and adaptation, and with the associated problems arising out of the clash of ideas, of social habits and of aspirations. Israel is an ideal field for research on these topics and Dr. Eisenstadt, as head of the sociology department of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, could hardly have been better placed. He has written an admirable book in which the absorption of a wide variety of types of immigrant into the Jewish community is analytically described, and compared with similar situations created by immigration in other parts of the world.

There is much here which is valuable and interesting, but, in general, this book follows a convention of sociological writing which does much to separate *soci-* from *-ology*. Only a vivid flash of imagination can jump the insulation of glacial abstraction in which are swathed the real-life problems of men and women in a growing community. This remoteness is as unnecessary as it is chilling, as is shown by the writings of many social anthropologists. Experts in primitive society (perhaps because of the classical and humanist tradition behind them, instead of the engineering of Leplay) seem able to combine conceptual vigour with some literary grace, and to describe people and social situations which are easily recognisable as such.

Edward Wortley Montagu: 1713—1776. By JONATHAN CURLING. *Melrose.* 21*s.*

Edward Wortley Montagu, who was the only son of the formidable Lady Mary, owes what place of his own he has had in enduring memory to his last years in Venice. Here the young noblemen and their memoir-writing tutors who "waited upon" him would find him, a man of sixty, sitting cross-legged on a carpet in his *palazzo*, beturbaned, attended by two huge blacks wearing only bracelets and "modesty nets," making his eyes brilliant by tinting the lashes with black, or stroking perfumed smoke into his girdle-length beard. But this prize convert to Mohammed, for such he finally claimed to be, was, as Mr. Curling's book divertingly makes apparent, as far then from any understanding of the truth of his life as he had ever been since his boyhood. A harsher generation than ours might have called him an irredeemable hypocrite and liar; but now it seems easy to see that from, at the latest, the age of thirteen, when he ran away to Oxford to live with a lady of pleasure and study Oriental languages, he was always living out a series of strangely conceived images of himself, hardly aware of any other reality. He is soldier, squire, M.P.: but all in a palpable dream. At the age of fifty, styled Chevalier de Montaigu, he is combining a fugitive honeymoon with the wife of a Danish consul at Alexandria, and a semi-scholarly investigation of the route of the Children of Israel across Sinai, and writing of the journey with utter gravity "Like Moses pursued by Pharaoh's host, I guided myself towards the wilderness."

Though in recounting all this Mr. Curling can never be said to be either searching or compassionate, he is invariably informative, delicate and friendly, which is enough to justify his story. And illustrating the book, in excellent contrast to the eccentricity-ridden text, are fifteen cool eighteenth-century engravings.

Deprived Children. By HILDA LEWIS. *Oxford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

All who work for deprived children must take into account the work published by Dr. Bowlby in 1951. Dr. Hilda Lewis, whose assessment of the work of the Mersham Reception Centre during her three years there as psychiatrist is given in *Deprived Children*, challenges some of his assertions but in the main extends rather than refutes his view. Between 1947 and 1950 Dr. Lewis examined 500 of "the most difficult cases that the county could produce." A follow-up enquiry regarding 240 of these was made by post two years after their admission to the Centre; and, because information so obtained was likely to be in some respects unreliable, she personally investigated and visited 100.

Dr. Lewis was fully aware of the strong subjective element in the judgments she had to make, and guarded against it as far as might be. She considered that only 19 of the 500 children showed the morbid lack of affective responsiveness to which Dr. Bowlby has drawn attention. She thinks it significant that more than a third of these children who had no satisfactory home and background were normal in behaviour and had suffered no apparent psychological damage; but it is possible that the emphasis here has to be on "apparent" and that, as she concedes, later years may show disturbances as yet latent. She concurs with Dr. Bowlby in finding that a child separated from its mother, either temporarily or permanently, before the age of five is more liable to disturbances of personality than one deprived of maternal care later, but observes that it was difficult to give a precise cause for disturbance because often the children had suffered many changes of home as well as maternal deprivation. The environmental influences shown to be most destructive are lack of parental affection, parental neglect, and harsh and repressive upbringing. A fact which will astonish no child welfare officer but may, perhaps, be less familiar to others, is that a high proportion of the children from dirty homes were "well adjusted in mental condition" (as Montaigne said, "better a snotty child than its nose wiped off!").

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,289

Set by Guy Walsingham

The Mayor of Châteauneuf-du-Pape has issued a decree that "the flights, landings and take-offs of airships called 'flying saucers' and 'flying cigars' of any nationality are forbidden on the territory of the community of Châteauneuf-du-Pape." The usual prizes are offered for proclamations from the authorities of Stilton, Colchester, Burton-on-Trent, Glenlivet, Banbury and Oxford, equally calculated to draw attention to their local product. Limit 60 words. Entries by November 16.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,286

Set by Anthony Hyde

Competitors are invited to exercise their ingenuity by composing, in the verse-form given by inverting the limerick (example below), *A Reply to Mr. Lear* from: An Old Person of Basing; An Old Man on Some Rocks; A Young Lady of Portugal; An Old Man with a Gong; An Old Man with a Beard; or The Akond of Swat.

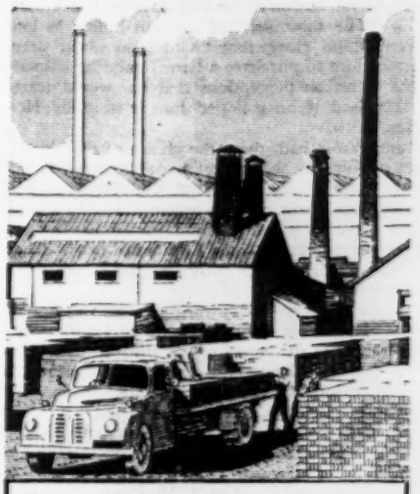
Example:

A dragon breathed fire through his gorge,
And was heard to remark,
"I hope it grows dark,
For I wish to resemble a forge
If visited here by St. George!"

Report by Anthony Hyde

Ingenuity indeed! A large majority sent such very good entries that I began to wonder if the form I had invented (perhaps a too extravagant claim for a mere modification!) might not be better than the old one. Two entrants were apparently so appalled at the sacrilege—or perhaps, since a Lear is concerned, the *lèse-majesté*—involved that they stubbornly submitted limericks. Another, with commendable but rash enthusiasm, has christened the new form an "icklimer"—a term which I am still circling rather cautiously.

I regard the structure of the Lear Universe as pyramidal. The base is inhabited by fairly commonplace figures—those of Basing and Portugal, the unhorsed Old Man with a Beard, for example. We continue up in quite well-marked stages; at a high



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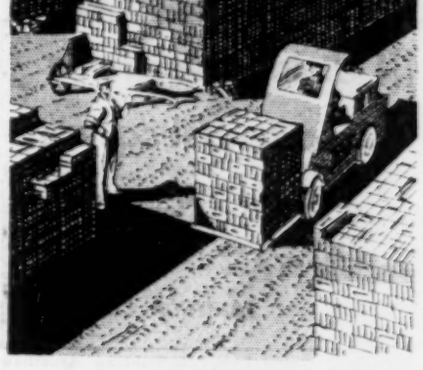

level of lunacy are several Old Men—on Some Rocks, with a Gong, and he of the bird-haunted Beard, among them. The most rarefied stratum holds, in lonely eminence and glory, that "Old Man whose despair Induced him to purchase a hare"; and he is so near to our own finer perceptions that one would scarcely be surprised if he galloped into a story by Henry James.

Competitors had, then, the choice of replying as if from a point in the pyramid, or alternatively, as a faintly puzzled inhabitant of our familiar world. Most plunged gaily into the pyramid, seizing whatever might serve as a cudgel, and joined battle lustily. Of the second variety, only Elizabeth Lister's delightful essay in dialect was fully successful, and gains a well-merited prize.

Among shots on the misfiring range was an entry from Oriel College—which duplicated Lear's work by rubbing salt in the Beard of the Bird-Watcher. This was a Reply *to* instead of *from* this sufficiently tormented person. Others included entries from: Jolyon Lea, whose Old Man "so lately unhorsed" said "Just think of the peace I have found Now both body and mind are unsound"—a splendid observation, but scarcely a reply, since Lear records that he was *told* "not to mind"; Miss B. M. Kerr, who hovered a little too cautiously over what might have been an excellent idea involving a shortage of "stocks" (explaining Wife-in-Box); and J. B. B., who danced a dizzying reverse with the Young Lady of Portugal, beginning "She declared she would never leave Portugal," and continuing Lear's story backwards with an exquisite *decelerando* effect.

Very near misses from: Robert Murray, who sacrificed grammar to exigencies of construction; Frances Krusin, whose spirited entry, revealing that the Old Man's larks were with quite another sort of wren, ended too clumsily; and two or three—R. J. P. Hewison the most adept—who sidestepped difficulties by using internal rhymes. First prize of one and a half guineas to Leslie Johnson; a guinea each to Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, A. M. Sayers, Sydney Hoffman, and Elizabeth Lister; and half a guinea to Pat Bullen, whose indirect reply just qualifies. Close runners-up were Pauline Phillips, M. Trench, R. A. K. Wright, Eric Swainson, and Richard Unwin. Commended: D. W. Barker, Joyce Johnson.

THE OLD MAN ON SOME ROCKS REPLIES TO MR. LEAR

My purpose was purely corrective,
But the lid that you drew
Would never close to
Which rendered my scheme ineffective.
How I wish you had studied perspective!

LESLIE JOHNSON

THE AKOND OF SWAT

Mr. Lear, I'm the Akond of Swat;
I am gracious and fat
In a very tall hat
And I'm heating a very large pot—
You know why, and for whom, and for what.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

I fear, Mr. Lear, you're a clat!
You *may* ask Who is Noah?
Or George Bernard Shoah?
Or Beethoven? Or Sir Walter Scat?
But NEVER the Akond of Swat!

ERIC SWAINSON

AN OLD PERSON OF BASING

I admire your felicitous phrasing,
Though you fail to record
That I flourished a sword
To intimidate crowds that were gazing
In disgust at my exit from Basing.

A. M. SAYERS

Doan't thee think, Zurr, I be zo amazin':
If ever thee'd spoke
Wit one of thik folk
Thee'd have quit thik daft 'amlet of Bazin'
Fast as if all thine ricks be'd a-blazin'.

ELIZABETH LISTER

A YOUNG LADY OF PORTUGAL

No Portuguese Lady is nautical;
I became a tree climber
To escape from a rhymer
Whose conduct was highly cavortical,
And whose leer was but too Vive-le-Sportical!

SYDNEY HOFFMAN

OLD MAN WITH A BEARD

I've combed out my beard and I've found
Eggs, woodcocks on toast,
Bird's nest soup, fowls to roast . . .
In more senses than one, I'll be bound,
It suited me down to the ground.

PAULINE PHILLIPS

My beard's overcrowded. Now that
I freely admit—
But why should Lear sit
In judgment? He might find a bat
If he lifted his runcible hat.

RICHARD UNWIN

Dear Sir—you're quite wrong about me;
No wren or small fowl
Would nest with an owl
In one beard—they would never agree!
How very absurd you can be!

M. TRENCH

AN OLD MAN WITH A GONG

Though labelled and damned as a crank,
I'm delighted to see
The folks who smashed me
Now applauding the very same prank
Presented by J. Arthur Rank.

R. A. K. WRIGHT

There was an Old Fellow named Lear
Whose Old Man with a gong
Wanted all his life long
To smash the insensitive ear
Of that horrid Old Fellow named Lear.

PAT BULLEN

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CHESS : Pleasantly Preoccupied

No. 266

". . . A preoccupied old gentleman who looks like a Shakespearian actor, smokes strong cigars incessantly and takes a chessboard to bed with him"—an apt description (in *Life* magazine) of Frank J. Marshall who died ten years ago, almost to the day. Indeed he loved chess so much that he could hardly tear himself away from the board, even in hopeless positions. He was proud of the fact that ever since he was ten not a day had passed without his playing at least one game. Here is one not quite as well known as so many of his other brilliancies. He won it (at Liège, 1930) against Nimzowitch for whom he was a sort of bogeyman all his life.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(14)	Q-R4	P-Kt3
(2)	Kt-KB3	P-QKt3	(15)	B-K2	Kt-Kt2
(3)	P-K3	B-Kt2	(16)	B-Kt2	P-B4
(4)	B-Q3	P-B4	(17)	P-QKt4!	B x P
(5)	O-O	P-K3	(18)	P-B4!	Kt-B2
(6)	P-B4	B x Kt?	(19)	R x P	P-Kt4
(7)	Q x B	Kt-QB3	(20)	P x P	B-B4
(8)	P x P	B x P	(21)	Kt-B7	B x P ch
(9)	Kt-B3	O-O	(22)	K-R1	P-K4
(10)	R-Q1	Q-B2	(23)	B-QB1!	B x B
(11)	P-QKt3	Kt-K4	(24)	R x B	Kt-R1
(12)	Q-Kt3	Kt-R4	(25)	P-B5!	resigns
(13)	Kt-Kt5!	Q-Kt1			

Too many threats. On his 20th move Marshall could, of course, have offered his Q by Q x KtP, and Black could hardly accept the sacrifice. Here is a position which Marshall (White) reached against Burn at Ostend, 1907. The conclusion is a typical Marshall sparkler.

(1)	R x Kt!	P x R	(7)	Kt-B5 ch	K-K3
(2)	B x P ch!	K x B	(8)	Kt x B ch	K-K2
(3)	Kt-Kt5 ch	K-Kt3	(9)	Kt-B5 ch	K-K3
(4)	QKt-B3	P-K4	(10)	P-Q5 ch	K x Kt
(5)	Kt-R4 ch	K-B3	(11)	Q x P ch	K-K5
(6)	Kt-R7 ch	K-K2	(12)	O-O-O resigns	

The 4-pointer is easy enough this week and quite useful for beginners; for, however primitive, this is a combinative idea to be met fairly frequently. How then did Marshall administer a mate in two moves? **B**—White to win—is none too difficult either and remarkable for the power of well-placed pieces against material odds.

A: Frank Marshall 1900

B: J. Krejcik 1954

C: A. S. Gurvitch 1928

C—White to draw—is quite ingenious and should be well worth its 7 ladder-points.

Usual prizes. Entries by November 15.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 263. Set October 16

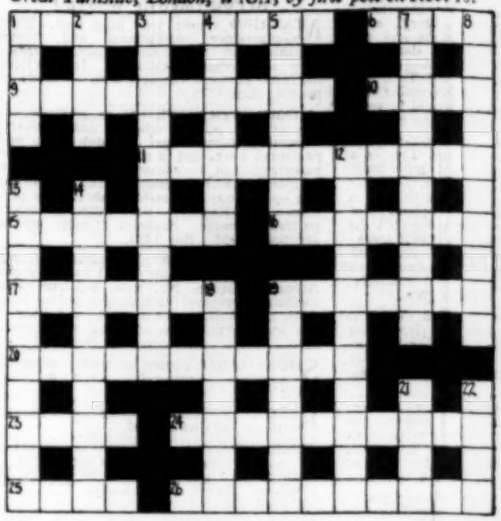
A: (1) Kt x Kt, B x Q, (2) Kt-Q7 ch, K-K1, (3) Kt-Kt8 ch, P-QB3, (4) Kt-Q6 ch, K-B1, (5) Kt-Q7 mate.
B: (1) B-B4, R-B1, (2) R-QR7, P-B5, (3) B-K2, P-B4, (4) B-R5 ch, K-Q1, (5) B-B7!, P-Kt5, (6) K-Kt2, P-B6 ch, (7) K-Kt3, P-B5 ch, (8) K-B2, etc.
if (2) . . . K-Q1, (3) B-B7! etc.
C: (1) P-R7! P queens, (2) R x Q, R-R7 ch, (3) K-B1, R-QR7, (4) P-Kt5, R x P, (5) R-B6 ch, K any (6) R-QR6! etc.
if (4) . . . R-R8 ch, (5) K-B2!, R-R7 ch, (6) K-Kt1!, R x P, (7) R-B6 ch, K-Kt4, (8) R-R6, Kt-Q3, (9) R x R, Kt x P, (10) R-R5, etc.
But (1) P-Kt5?, Kt-Q3!, (2) P-R7, R-QR5! only draws.

Even some of the cracks dropped a point or two over **B** and/or **C**, others were altogether stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, J. M. Reid, A. J. Roycroft, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 125

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 125, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Nov. 16.



ACROSS

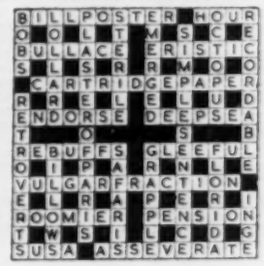
1. Holiday for a worthy servant (4, 6).
6. Although this may be precious, nothing must come before a friend (4).
9. I removed powder, but made a showy appearance (10).
10. Fry's circumambulating aphrodisiac (4).
11. It encloses the whole airline in a British cartel, but helps to avoid friction (11).
15. One who fights—and perishes when the sun is gone? (7).
16. Musical instrument; one cannot do without it in the trippers' coach (7).
17. Distinctive sign of listener and evangelist (7).
19. The girl's name is spoken before me in the Church of England (7).
20. Skull-cap found in the ditch (11).
23. A theologian is one who busies himself about God (4).
24. It may be converted to stair flesh, but is not quite the same as a step-relation (10).
25. The court keeps the king in sight (4).
26. Seven drown—he carries the story. (10).

DOWN

1. One among the things which are pleasing if timely (4).
2. Nothing to toss up for the passage money (4).
3. Military order for a civilian service? (11).
4. Prejudiced mainly in the conversion of Saul (7).
5. There is beer at the top of the distilling apparatus (7).
7. Making good money, like a paid performer in good condition and skilful (10).
8. Counts not burials at sea (10).
12. The only other way is to reform the local (11).
13. Noble sites on show (10).
14. The whole circuit is non-specialist (10).
18. Hiding-place of a dark lie (7).
19. Water-bottles needed for service in a rising command (7).
21. Boss for horses (4).
22. Relative in sombre rig (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 123



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 123

Mohamed Shoush (*Khartoum*), *Mrs. Doggett* (*Enfield*), *W. A. Griffiths* (*Leeds*).

PERSONAL

PRACTISING prostitutes or former prostitutes who have views on the present state of the Law on prostitution, which they would like considered by a law reform society giving evidence before a Government Committee, are invited to write, in confidence, to Box 2250.

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PERSONAL—continued

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

CHRISTMAS Cards. New designs 3d. to 1s. 6d. Call at The Caravel Press, Moxton Street, London, W.1, or samples post free.

ALLWOODS Carnation Cut Flowers—The ideal gift for all occasions. Specially selected colours or mixed shades direct from the largest growers in the world. From 1gn. to 5gns. a box. One quality only, the best! Write for Catalogue, Allwood Bros., Ltd., 40 Haywards Heath, Sussex. Phone: Wivelsfield Green 232/233.

GERMAN tuition by correspondence required. Qualified tutor essential; possessing a Grundig T.K.9 preferred. Rowley, 6 Muswell Hill, N.10. TUDor 5670.

A FOREIGN language an asset: practical training in children's care and light house duties for young ladies arranged au pair with pocket money in excellent French families for 6/12 months. Send s.a.e. Educ. Touring Serv., 10 Exhibition Road, London, S.W.7.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

CLASSES in Drawing and Painting (Realist Tradition) 3s. 6d. 6-30-10 p.m. 374 Gray's Inn Road, Kings Cross. Every night ex. Suns. Enquiries, Box 1882.

GUITAR lessons. Technique/Theory/Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

A GENUINE interpretation of your Nativity. Send birthdate: 10s. 6d. Douglas V. Morgan, Fairfield, Energlyn, Caerphilly.

PERSONAL—continued

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Autumn programmes and special membership terms for married couples obtainable from Sec., I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

FOR sale. Several beautiful exotic birds (tame and hardy) in antique cages. GRO. 5093 (evenings).

HP. facilities available for the purchase of cars between private individuals. Selig, 175 Piccadilly, W.1. HYD. 9961.

STATUETTES of children made from your snapshots. Sgle. 3-4in high £3. Box 1799.

P.S. Harold Ingham offers ski holidays at Bretaye and Obergurgl—16 days—28 gns. —ski hire and lessons included. Departures December 18 and March 19. Programme from 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

YOUR secretarial problems solved at once by Dryden Office Service, 15 Tavistock St., Covent Garden, W.C.2. TEM. 7237. Typing, Duplicating, Translations, Staff.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts, MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 45 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1. MUSeum 7558.

TYPING. MSS and Theses intelligently typed. Obscure handwriting deciphered. Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

MRS. Archer for MSS. Secretarial/Duplctg. 4 Denmark St., W.C.2. TEM. Bar 5230.

TYPING, duplicating, etc. Moderate terms. Accurate work. Fearon Typewriting Services, 31 Queens House, Leicester Square, W.C.2. GER. 4969.

SECRETARIAL Aunts; all types of Secretarial Services, shorthand-typists, etc. Literary/commercial typing, duplicating, etc. 4-day service for any length M.S. Special rates students and societies. 32/34 Rupert St., Piccadilly Circus, W.1. GER. 1067/8/9.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Please telephone BAY. 1786.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating, circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

DUPLICATING. Reliable, competitive service for first-class circulars, leaflets, magazines, etc. Photo-stencil process work for illustrations and "solid" lettering. Please write for quotations—Swift Reproductions, 28 Alexandra Road, E.18.

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JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

EXPERIENCED typist, own machine, requires work at home. Box 2105.

FIRST-class Duplctg. Typing serv. Dictation. Theses, MSS., etc. Confidential. Miss Stone, 446 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 5984.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Greek. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range of £A1,100-£A1,450 per annum, with annual increments of £A50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase under Staff Members' Housing Scheme. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is November 20, 1954.

CIVIL Service Commission. Competitions will be held in 1955 for the following: Administrative Class of the Home Civil Service and Administrative Class of the Northern Ireland Civil Service (Methods I and II). At least one House of Commons Clerkship will be filled through the Administrative Class competition. Code No. 11/55. Senior Branch of the Foreign Service (Method II only). Code No. 12/55. Special Departmental Classes (Home Civil Service), i.e., H.M. Inspectors of Taxes; Cadet Grade, Ministry of Labour and National Service; Probationary Assistant Postal Controllers in the Post Office; and Grade III Officers, Ministry of Defence (Methods I and II). Code No. 17-20/55. Statistician Class (Home Civil Service) (Method I only). Code No. 21/55. Executive Class (Home Civil Service) and Branch B of the Foreign Service (Method I only) for university graduates. Code No. 22/55. Methods of Selection. Method I consists of a written examination in university honours degree subjects plus a preliminary and a final interview: Method II of a short written examination in general subjects followed for selected candidates by tests at the Civil Service Selection Board and interview before the Final Selection Board. When two methods are provided, candidates may choose either or both. Candidates for Method II must have, or obtain in 1955, a degree at a recognised university; the degree required for the Administrative Class and Senior Branch of the Foreign Service competition is 1st or 2nd class honours. Age limits: At least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1955, with extension for service in H.M. Forces. In addition, for Statistician Class (21/55), extension up to three years for approved post-graduate experience. For particulars (including prospects of promotion) and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting the code number(s) of the competition(s) in which you are interested. Completed application forms for entry by Method II must be returned by November 30, 1954, and for Method I by February 28, 1955.

H.M. Prison and Borstal Service: Assistant Governors Class II. The Civil Service Commissioner: invite applications for pensionable posts (about 6 for men; 1, possibly 2, for women). Age at least 21 on January 1, 1954. Candidates must have had a sound general education and be able to fill a position of responsibility. They must have a genuine interest in reformative work with adolescents or adults. Starting salary (London): £465 (£430 women) at age 25 or under up to £585 (£550 women) at age 30 or over. Maximum £745 (£615 women). Somewhat less in provinces. Free unfurnished accommodation provided, or allowance in lieu. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 166/227/54. Completed applications to be returned by December 7, 1954.

HER Majesty's Oversea Civil Service. A vacancy exists for an Assistant Controller of Foreign Exchange in the Federation of Malaya. At least 10 years' practical experience in all branches of exchange control is required. Appointment is on contract, for three years in the first instance. Emoluments, inclusive of expatriation pay and cost of living allowance, as follows: Single man, £1,197-£1,862 per annum; married man, £1,407-£2,247 per annum; married man with dependent children: £1,498-£2,471 per annum. Quarters, or rent allowance in lieu, and passages provided. Gratuity on satisfactory completion of contract. Application forms from Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1; reference BCD 406/23/01 should be quoted.

CITY of Oxford. Wolvercote & Summertown Youth Club. Applications for the post of Club-leader are invited from suitably qualified women with appropriate training and/or experience in mixed clubs. Salary scale for qualified leader £318 by £12 to £444. Commencing salary depends on previous experience. Application forms and particulars from Mrs. Turk, Netherplace, North Way, Oxford.

WOMAN Physics Graduate read. beginning January for perm. full-time or part-time work. W.1. Write Box 2116.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT Broadcasting Officer (Male) required by Northern Rhodesia Government for one tour of 36 months in first instance. Salary scale (including present temporary allowance of 17½ of salary) £1,142, rising to £1,352 a year, plus gratuity at rate of £100/£150 a year. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates should have had previous broadcasting experience, preferably in Africa, and must be capable of producing and compiling programmes in English and the vernacular and of supervising all news compilation and listener research. Preference will be given to candidates who have passed the Government Lower Language examination in one of the African languages of Northern Rhodesia. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/34661/NJ.

ASSISTANT Curator required for Dept. of Antiquities, Nigeria, for one tour of 12 to 24 months in first instance, salary scale (including expatriation pay) £807 rising to £1,115 a year with gratuity at rate of £100/£150 a year. Commencing salary according to experience. Outfit allowance £60. Free passages for officer and wife. Assistance towards cost of children's passages or grant up to £150 annually for maintenance in U.K. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates must have had experience of Museum work, particularly in administration, ethnography, archæology, or the techniques of conservation, or have had a good general education and have made a study of ethnography. A University degree, or the Diploma of the Museums Association, would be an advantage. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/34545/NJ.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Children's Department. Visiting Officer. Applications invited from women for appointment as Visiting Officer in Children's Department. Duties include visiting of Children's Homes, boarding out, and visits to homes of children who have been, or may need to be, received into care. Candidates should have a university certificate in Child Care, or a diploma or certificate in Social Science with special experience in child welfare. Salary according to qualifications and experience, but will not exceed a maximum of £595 a year. Scheme of Conditions of Service for A.P.T. and Clerical Services. Appointment subject to superannuation and satisfactory medical examination. Applications, giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should reach the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, not later than November 15, 1954. Canvassing forbidden.

A MANUFACTURING company in Yorkshire with 3,000 members, a firm belief in the importance of good industrial relations, and what the board think is a reasonably enlightened personnel policy, wish to appoint a successor to their Personnel Supervisor to continue and develop that policy. Experience of a similar kind will be an advantage, but character and personality are the essential requirements for this appointment. Applications, giving full details of education, experience and present salary, should be addressed to the General Manager, Box 1715, and marked "Confidential."

EAST Riding of Yorkshire Education Committee. Market Weighton County Secondary School. Applications are invited for appointment to the post of assistant master to teach Art and Crafts as well as other subjects. Burnham Scale of Salaries. Forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned and should be returned as soon as possible to The Headmaster, County Secondary School, Market Weighton, York. V. Clark, Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley.

LONDON County Council requires two qual. and exp. Child Welfare Officers for intensive case work with problem families to prevent reception into care of children and, for those in care, to effect early family reunion and rehabilitation. Candidates should have family service unit (or equivalent) training and experience. Salary £541 17s. 6d. rising to £701 5s. Appl. form (st. add. fscp. env.) from Children's Officer (CH/AI), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by Nov. 13.

HAMMERSMITH Hospital and Post-Graduate Medical School, Du Cane Road, London, W.12. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker, Class I (in sole charge), required for five sessions per week. Whitley salary scales and conditions. Applications stating age and giving full details of training and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Secretary, Board of Governors, by November 13.

EDINBURGH Association for the Provision of Hostels for Women Students. Applications are invited for the post of Principal Warden of the Hostels which will become vacant at the end of the session 1954-55. Salary with residence will not be less than £850. Applicants should hold a University degree, give evidence of administrative ability and have had residential experience in a college or hostel. Further details will be supplied by the Secretary to the Board of Management, Carlyle Hostel, East Suffolk Road, Edinburgh, whom applications should reach not later than November 30, 1954.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TRANSLATORS (part-time) into French and Spanish required. French or Spanish must be applicants' mother tongue; good general knowledge, wide vocabulary and ability to work accurately at high speed essential; journalistic or literary experience desirable. Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience of posts held (including dates), to BY.40, Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1, by November 12, 1954. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview advised.

IDEAL Home Magazine offers good salary for a top-grade editorial man. This is a senior post and offers first-class opportunity for promotion to executive position. The successful applicant will be required to take a leading part in the production and planning of this expanding magazine. Applicants (N.U.J.) must be creative journalists with a wide knowledge of and interest in the subjects dealt with in the magazine. Application in some detail should be made to the Editorial Manager, Ideal Home, 189 High Holborn, W.C.1.

CASEWORKER required, Guild of Social Service, London Suburb. Interesting Social Work. Experienced interviewer, visiting, typist, office work. Pref. own car. Salary £300 plus Car Allowance. Write details age, experience. Box 1944.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, York, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

ART teacher for small Junior Boys' School. Resident. S. Devon. Training essential. Burnham Scale. Box 2062.

ADVERTISEMENT copywriter required by leading photographic manufacturer near London. Experience not essential but evidence of writing ability should be enclosed with application. Age not above 30. Write Box 2158.

PHYSICAL Training and Rhythmic Exercise Instructors required for part-time evening work in Children's Groups and Youth Clubs in the Central and Greater London area. Remuneration and travelling expenses. Apply for application form to Education Secretary, London Co-operative Society, Ltd., Education Department, 34 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

NANNY-housekeeper wanted. Professional couple. Two small girls (3½ & 2½) needing firm and friendly handling. Write, stating salary required and details, to Singer, The Poplars, Thompson Cross, Stalybridge, Ches.

COMPETENT woman with Child Care Certificate preferred as House Mother in small school for junior boys, S. Devon. Gd. needlewoman essential. Box 2063.

GERMAN tutor, for part-time work, required by London language institute. State age, experience and times offered. Box 2118.

LABOUR Party. Secretary to Chief Woman Officer. Must be experienced in office work, able to take minutes, and expert shorthand-typist. Knowledge of Labour movement necessary. Salary £472-£492. Application, stating age, experience and qualifications, to the General Secretary, Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

ROYAL Free Hospital School of Medicine (University of London), Hunter Street, W.C.1. Clerk required for Accountant's office. Shorthand, typewriting and an aptitude for figures essential. Salary scale £325 × £15—£400. Apply immediately, with names of two referees, to Secretary.

AMBULANCE Control Clerks. London County Council requires men and women aged 18-28 years with allowance for time spent on a regular engagement in H.M.F. Starting wage 102s. to 159s. 6d. according to age, rising to 236s.; 40-hr. wk., shift duties, including night and week-end. Appln. forms (f.s.a.e.) for return by November 20, from Officer-in-Charge, London Ambulance Service, County Hall, S.E.1. (1393).

THE World Union for Progressive Judaism requires qualified Jewish lady secretary shorthand-typist, languages if possible. Apply in writing: 51 Palace Court, W.2.

TRADE Union Office requires first-class Shorthand Typist W.C.1 area. 9-5. No Sats. £7? And hundreds of other jobs like this daily for all staff at Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean St., W.1. GER. 9911 (10 lines).

PUBLISHERS require experienced secretary. Please apply with full particulars to Box 2135.

SCHOOL principal needs competent, adaptable private secretary (resident), Bromley area. Box No. 172, c/o Smiths, 100 High St., Bromley, Kent.

SECRETARY to Senior Partner West End Solicitors. Experience essential. Box 2122.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

EDUCATED Englishwomen are offered a good choice of worthwhile secretarial posts, some with languages. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COPY and Shorthand Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MARRIED couple seek joint post. Wide experience institutional and hostel administration, social reconstruction, household management, catering. International interests, personal contacts with all kinds of people. Box 1775.

ADMINISTRATIVE. Hons. graduate, ex-officer, public school, under thirty; organising ability, exper. in adult educ. and personnel work; and in script-writing for, and participation in, broadcasting; at present with industrial concern overseas; seeks administrative opportunity, preferably with view to permanency, in England. Very willing to undergo trainee course. Available (3 mths. notice) any time, 1955. Box 1859.

ADMINISTRATOR, public school, 43, exceptional exp. senior posts United Nations Agencies Europe, Nr. East, top-level gen. administ. personnel techniques, public relations, staff welfare, direction & co-ordination lge. scale programmes, etc., sks. post home/abroad. Mod. sal., prospects. Box 1807.

SHORTHAND/Typing or typing dictation, evenings, week-ends. Own machine. Telephone CUNningham 0197.

REPORTER/Secretary free occasionally. 'Phone ARChway 1765.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Duntraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

RESEARCH student (Sociology, Up. 2nd), 27, versatile, seeks part-time empt. Avail. 3½ days/wk., evngs., wk.-ends. Box 2143.

EXPERIENCED organiser offers services to commercial, travel, cultural office, etc. Can also control accounts and administration. Interest, travel opportunities important, or £700 p.a. Box 2130.

EXPD male Youth Club Leader/Welfare Worker sks. London emplt. Box 2081.

P.P.E. Grad., f., 30's, wearied with routine social wk., wants change where intell., agreeable pers. (& if nec. typing) assets. Orthodoxy secondary consid. Box 2000.

GENT. expd MSS./proof-reading, space-selling, sks. publishing work. Box 2226.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

SMALL comfortable guest house, cosy bedsitting rooms with lunch & dinner for perm. guests. Perfect countryside, secluded garden, suntrap corners. Restful holiday at Todmans, Goudhurst, Kent. Goudhurst 212.

COUNTRY Guest House on lovely Herts-Essex border. Good food, warmth, every comf. & conven. Ideal for Autumn/Winter holidays. Chantry Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

WINTER warmth! Rest and comfort in "Britain's Best Climate" (town claim). Informative brochures free (21 illus.). Congenial private hotel, rec. by readers, 4½/7gns., incl. full board, early tea, gratuities, heating in bedrm. (cen. heating everywhere) when weather cold. Twin beds, h. & c., Slumberlands, 2 comfortable lounges. Meat or vegetarian. Convalescents welcome (breakfast in bed). Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best South pos. centre 3-mile Prom. Between Pier and Sun-Lounge Orchestra. Opp. covrd. walk. Tel. Hastings 4784.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. Accom. in artists' house. Redgrave, 1 Island Rd.

A QUIET weekend in comf. country house, 1½ hrs. Charing Cross. Central Heating. Log fires. 25s. daily. Justins, Bodiam, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Tel. Staplecross 228.

TO spend less, spend the winter at Farringford, on the warm, sunny Isle of Wight. For as little as 7gns. per week you can enjoy all the advantages of this lovely country house with a full staff and no housekeeping worries. Fully licensed. Details from the Manager, Farringford Hotel, Freshwater, I.o.W. 'Phone 312.

HOVE. Guests welcome weekends or longer. Comf. Guest House near sea. 18 Rutland Gdns. Hove 39389. Open for Xmas.

CORNWALL. Trebarrock Manor. Continental holidays now in lovely Caucasian garden in the land of Legend and Romance. Sunshine, safe golden sands, emerald pools, delightful caves. Sailing and boating in Italian-like villages. Finest surf-bathing. Salmon, trout. TV, Billiards, T. Tennis, Children's room, Golf. Open all year. Remarkably sheltered. 5 hrs. London. 9gns. except July-Aug. Superb cooking. Miss Wainewright. Port Isaac 234.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Week-ends in the country, it's an easy train journey. Comfort, good food, club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

WINTER on the Côte d'Azur. Excellent food. Beautiful surroundings. Reas. Brochure: Hotel du Gros Pin, le Brusc, Var.

PARIS. Pension Thélia, 75, Rue du Cardinal Lemoine. Paris Ve. Near Sorbonne. pleasant garden. Quiet. 25s. daily. Special winter terms. Recommended. English spoken.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUS. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—cont. from p. 596

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 43 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. GERrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

GUITAR tuit. Segovia style. Beginrs. crse., all ages. Brochure, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport St., W.C.2. GER. 6457.

THE Mentor for Languages, English and Foreign. Tuition all grades by Conversation; low fees, pay as you learn; enrolments daily 1-9.30 p.m. 11 Charing Cross Rd. (opp. Garrick Theatre.) TRA. 2044.

POSTAL tuition for General Certificate of Educn. (all examining bodies) London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE individual training in secretarial subjects for graduates and others. 6 months' and 14 weeks' courses begin at frequent intervals. Davies, White Lodge, 2 Addison Road, W.14 (Tel.: PARk 8392).

MODERN, creative Ballet develops body & mind. Amat. classes for men, women, children. Hilde Holger School, 27 Oval Rd., Regent's Park, N.W.1. GUL. 6822.

GREGG Shorthand/Typewriting 1 mth. Intensive Courses. Frances King Sectl. School, 1a Harrington Rd. S.W.7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

ERIC de Peyer teaches you to free yourself of over-tension, nerviness, postural faults (leading to back & foot troubles) and faulty breathing by the Alexander Technique, 7 Wellington Sq., S.W.3. SLO. 3141.

FELLOWSHIPS

GIRTON College, Cambridge. Applications are invited for two Research Fellowships, tenable for three years from October, 1955. One of these is offered for research in Mathematics, Natural Sciences or an allied subject, and one for research in any other branch of learning. Each is of the value of £300 a year, with free residence, pensionable under the F.S.S.U., and open to women graduates of any University. Particulars from the Sec., Girton College, Cambridge, to whom applics. should be sent by January 15, 1955.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

READ About Russia! Two books by W. P. and Z. K. Coates, History of Anglo-Soviet Relations (6s.) and Soviets In Central Asia (25s.) make topical reading now. Also: A People Reborn (2s. 6d.), Soviet Genetics (15s.), Lysenko Is Right (2s. 6d.), and Andrew Rothstein's History of the U.S.S.R. (Penguin 2s. 6d.). For the political background read Lenin's Selected Works (4 volumes 5s. each) and Stalin's Collected Works (16 volumes, the first nine of which are now available at 5s. each). Stalin's Marxism and The National and Colonial Question (6s. 6d.) is available separately. These are just a few of the large stock of books about Russia you can see at Central Books, 2 Parton St., London, W.C.1, and at: Birmingham, 115 Dale End: Brighton, 161A North Street: Chatham, 277 High Street: Glasgow, 308 Argyle Street: Leeds, 18 King Charles Street: Sheffield, 20 Matilda Street. Our Mail Order Department will give prompt attention to all postal enquiries. Please add enough to cover postage.

AUSTRALIA. A cross-section of the best literary work being written today in Australia is to be found in "Meanjin," edited by C. B. Christesen. This quarterly of 160 pages, now in its fifteenth year of publication, has rightly gained an international reputation. British Commonwealth and North American writers also contribute to its pages. £1 (str.) a year direct subscription. Meanjin —University of Melbourne.

W. SOMERSET Maugham on "Some Novelists I Have Known": the first of a series of brilliant pieces appears in the current issue of "Reader's Review." Order now from bookstalls, or 1s. 9d. post free from "Reader's Review," 140 Salisbury Square House, London, E.C.4.

PROFESSOR Bernal writes on China in November "Literary Guide," now on sale, 1s. Specimen copy from Dept. X, 12 St. James's Place, S.W.1.

"NATURE Cure from the Inside," by James C. Thomson. "Something interesting on every page—a great book." By post 8s. from Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

AN oversize towel, wholewheat bread, butter or marge—what do you expect from a good hotel or guesthouse? Did you get them this year? Read Essentials of a Good Hotel in the current number of "The Farmer" (incorporating "Wholefood") and avoid the pressure of stodge on the solar plexus. An essential of the good life today is a quarterly copy of "The Farmer." 2s. 6d. a copy, 10s. a year post free. Edited by Newman Turner, from Ferne Farm (N), Shaftesbury, Dorset.

RARE books searched for, new and old books by mail order. John Lyle, 31 Spring Street, W.2.

RARE, out of print books obtd. Staunton, Church Hill, Ringmore, Shaldon, Devon.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

CONTENTS of November "Plebs." "The Tories at Blackpool," by F. T. Willey, M.P.; "The Forerunners of the Labour Party," II, by W. D. Morris; "The Yemen," by J. F. Horrabin; "Fair Play for the Ratepayers," by Peggy Crane; "The Hungry Millions," by S. Nichol; "Under the Palm," by W. Squire "This Wicked World," by J. P. M. Millar Parts from the Press and Reviews, etc. "Plebs" is 6d., by post 7½d. or 7s. per year, from the N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

READERS of "The New Statesman and Nation" will be interested in the "International Journal of Sexology." This Journal with Editors in 23 countries discusses at a sober, scientific and yet intelligible level the various problems of sex referring to human relations in the field of social, marital and personal life. It is run on non-profit basis. Subscription £1 2s. p.a., post free (4 issues); single copy 6s. post free from British Agents: A. Vernon Keith & Co., Dept. IJS, Napier House, 24/7 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

DUTT deals with Deakin in "The Stream and the Dam" and delves deeper into why Britain is "still in trouble" after fifty years of the Labour Party. In the November Labour Monthly. 1s. 6d. from all agents, or from N.N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

THE Book Club for Serious Readers. Details: Germaine's (Dept. N.S.), 16 Lilliput Road, Romford.

BOMB Over Britain. A provoking discussion by Emrys Hughes, M.P., on the obsolescence of the Fighting Services. 32 pages. 1s. 1½d. post free. 8s. 6d. a dozen. Housmans, 3 Blackstock Rd., N.4.

UNITARIANS. What do they believe? Information and literature on receipt of stamp, from: Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

WE buy libraries, specialised or general; Penguins, Reprint, review copies, Chartist, Socialist, C.I., material The Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms; Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming, comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Restnt., White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

JEWISH young lady seeks another to share London flat. Box 2189.

TO let, single furn. bed-sit., bath., kit., £2 5s. LAD. 4389 after 6 p.m.

FURNISHED attic flat to let. Hornsey, N.8. £2 10s. p.w. 2 rooms & kitchen. Share bathroom. Own meters. Box 1960.

CHARM. furn. bed-sit., S.W.3 nr. Harrods, use kitchen, 3gns. incl. tel., linen, elec. light. KEN. 5634.

DELIGHTFUL furn. flat Nov. 23-Jan. 11, all conveniences 2/3 people. Box 2102.

COMFORTABLE 3-roomed flat North London. Own meters and toilet. Rent 3½gns. incl. C.H.W. Box 2227.

ATTRACTIVE furn. room (single) with balcony overlk. woods. Ckg. facs. 2gns. p.w. Nr. buses/Tube. Refs. reqd. TUD. 9073.

ST. John's Wd. Small re-dec. bedsit. Use kit. gas, elec. inclus. £2 2s. For 5-day week 35s. MAI. 2954.

FURNISHED bed-sit. St. John's Wood. Telephone in room. Use kitchenette and bathroom. 35s. plus easy non-domestic home obligations alternate Sundays and one weekday evening. Must like dogs. Box 2208.

SLOANE Sq. Large attrac. divan rm. in flat, use k. & b. KNI. 4976, after 7.

BEAUTIFULLY furn. room, large & sunny, overlooking gardens. Good ckg. facs. Use bath & phone. Breakfast if desired. 1st floor flat, N.W.2. 5 mins. station, buses stop outside. £2 10s. p.w. or £3 5s. with breakfast. Phone 8-10 a.m. or after 8 p.m. MEA. 1715.

GIRL wanted to share flat with others, S.W.10. B/S rm. FLA. 0576.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

TOP floor, furn. bed-sitter, kitchenette, share bathroom, pleasant family house Putney. 35s. week, inc. light. PRO. 2031.

BACHELOR (29) offers share in 2-bedroomed self-contained flat, Maida Vale. Rent 5gns. Box 2184.

WELL furn. room, bkfst., occas. meals, bus. gentl. only. Refs. essentl. CUN. 3686.

ST. John's Wood. Centrally heated flat accom. offered by Jewish (Orth.) bachelor. PRI. 3106 or Box 2239.

SINGLE room in graduate household for occasional London visits, £2 10s. wkly, or 10s. nightly. HAM. 8109 or Box 1186.

CHARMING double and single bed-sits., one flatlet, all furnished. Bromley, Kent. Convenient London. Ravensbourne 0533.

ATTRACTIVE single bed-sitt., cent. htg., own tel. ext., use garden, bath., kit., to let in quiet flat. HAMpstead 0244.

STUDENTS any colour, creed, double/single bed-sit., breakfast, use kitchen-bath. 3gns. RIV. 7692 evening.

FLAT, N.W.2, mod. block. Buses/Bakerloo 15 mins. W. End. C.H., C.H.W., frig. No restrictions. Share 1 pers. WIL. 7182 evg.

YOUTH House invites applications for residence from either sex (ages 18 to 30). Single divan-rooms. International. Write Secretary, 250 Camden Road, London, N.W.1.

50s. To let, furn. large bed-sit. and sep. kit. Students prefd. RIV. 4759.

IDEAL for Bloomsbury worker. Lge. attr. furn. room, basin, H. & C., elec. cooker, share bathroom with one. Adj. Heath, bus stop, N.W.5. 2gns. Box 2134.

ABBEY Art Centre (Barnet 3991, Cockfosters, Piccadilly Line). Furnished studio to let, cooking facilities.

NR. Nth. Dulwich Stn., 12 mins. Ldn. Bdge. S/c furn. flat to let. Large lounge with 'phone. Bedroom, kit., bathrm., 4gns. p.w. 'Phone evgs. FORest Hill 1374.

WOODFORD Green, 7 mins. Tube, City 30 mins., furnished double bed-sitter and kit. Tel., garage, use bath. Box 2191.

ST. Albans. Young graduate bachelor offers 50/50 share in quiet pleasant spacious flat at reasonable rent. 30 min. London, 20 min. Hatfield/Luton. Box 2121.

NEAR Rye, S/C part well-furn. historic period house. Sussex Weald. 2 sitting, 3 bedrooms (h. & c.), mod. kit. & bathroom. All serv. Few mins. village. Good shops/buses. Long let pref. Rent 4½gns. Box 1871.

2 furn. communicatg. rms., widow's home, unusually plst. spot, priv. stream, boat, garage. The Ford, Bourne End. Tel. 672.

EXCH., W.C.1, s/c. unf. flat, 3 rooms, kit., bath, tel., 3rd floor top, central heating, rent 37s. 6d. weekly, for similar or larger or house not L.C.C. Box 2109.

PROFESS. couple, child, req. unfurn. flat, 3-4 rooms, kitchen, bathroom, Hampstead, Highgate or similar area. Box 1978.

GRADUATE seeks small bed-sitting room. London. Box 1924.

YOUNG woman civil servant returning from Canal Zone reqs. room, use kit. (or share flat) modern block easy reach S.W.1, for app. 6 mths. from Dec. 1. Replies (Forces Air Mail 2/d), W. E. Smith, Civilian Mess, G.H.Q., M.E.L.F. 17 before Nov. 30.

AUSTRALIAN visitors require furnished accommodation all districts. Own kitchenettes essential, will share bathrooms. No agents' letting fees. FRE. 9748.

COUPLE with baby seek rent/buy flat/house, London. Wd. convert, etc. Rent/repmt. depending size, location up to £250 p.a. or more if subletg. poss. Assets: £150 cash, caravan (cost £600 in '52) sell £350 incl. 30 h.p. tow-car. Offers, suggestions welc. Bernet 3 Devonshire Terrace, W.2.

YOUNG professional couple requires flat before Xmas. Furnished or not. North London. Moderate. Box 2178.

YOUNG graduate and teacher wife seek furn., unfurn. or part furn. S.C. flat, Central or N.W. London. Box 2192.

BACHELOR, author, seeks unfurnished accommodation, moderate rent, easy reach culture centre. Quiet essential. Box 2107.

S.C. furn./unfurn. 3-4-rmd. garden-flat sought London towards end Dec. by overseas author, wife, child. Apprec. cleanliness, comfort, space, for long lease at as moderate a price as possible. Box 2131.

SENIOR civil servant, wife literary critic, daughter 13, want flat, maisonette, part-house, furn. or unfurn., within 30 minutes Harley Street, W.2, W.11, N.W.8 or on 59 bus route preferred. Max. £350. Box 2124.

YOUNG Professional gent. requires young gent. to share furn. flat, 2 bedrooms & kitchen. 35s. each. HOP. 4191.

Give Generously for your Poppy

ACCOMMODATION—continued

RATHER shy young woman would like to be paying guest in youngish cheerful household or share flat with other extrovert type(s). Not too far W.1. Box 2041.

PROF. man reqs. comf. B/S., brkfst., occ. dinner. S.W./W. London. Box 2039.

1 or 2 unfurn. rooms with ckg. and bath facilities required by business woman out all day. Reasonable rental and easy travelling to Oxford St. Box 2201.

DESIGNER (f.) reqs. part or unfurn. living accom. Kensington/near. Box 2203.

LADY seeks self-contained bed-sitting room, dining-kitchen, bath, good cupboard space, use of garden if possible. W. or S.W. districts. Box 2197.

SCHOOLS

IN Switzerland! At Institut Bleu Leman, Villeneuve (nr. famous Chillon Castle, Montreux), Lake of Geneva, your daughter will learn French or other languages, attend secretarial course, etc., in surroundings of unique beauty. English refs. Prospectus.

NORFOLK. New School, Broom Hall, Saham Toney, near Watton. Modern equipment, 18 acres, low fees for early entrants. Boys (Boarders) 7-13. Children taken in Holidays. Home atmosphere.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlooking Channel. Welsh Hills. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc. Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen, for boys and girls of 4 to 14. Day pupils and weekly boarders. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

SMALL group of weekly boarders accepted at St. Mary's Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave., N.W.3. PRImrose 4306. Elizabeth Paul.

FORTIS Green Nursery & Kindergarten, 68 Fortis Green, N.2. Tudor 1266. Vacs. 1-5 yrs. 9.30 a.m.-3.30 p.m. Extended hrs. service 8.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Apply Matron.

PINEWOOD, The Manor House, Bradninch, Exeter (Hele 390), for children 4 to 11, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Elizabeth Strachan.

PREPARATORY boarding school offers bursaries for intelligent boys, aged 7 or 8. Write for details and prospectus to Stouts Hill, Uley, Dursley, Glos.

PROGRESSIVE Home School for boys and girls 4-11. Recognised as efficient by the Ministry of Education. Thanet House, Broadstairs. Tel. Thanet 62783.

MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries, ring Secretary, MEA. 3012.

ENJOY your leisure or your ease, smoke Tom Long, it's sure to please.

DUREX gloves and all rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. NN, 34 Wardour St., London, W.1.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer (of Ramsey & Muspratt), London Studio, 3 Warwick Gdns., Kensington High St. WES. 1398 (ring mornings if possible).

PROPERTIES FOR SALE AND WANTED

COTSWOLDS: For sale, freehold cottage residence (3 bedrooms), in village between Chipping Norton and Moreton-in-Marsh. Full details from Box 1826.

EASILY run mews cottage, Belgrave Sq.-Sloane St. area. Parquet/fitted carpet everywhere, gas radiators and water heater, elec. drying cupboard. 24ft lounge, downstairs cloakrm., k. & b. Study-bedrm. with Cozy stove, main bedrm. & dressingrm., small spare bedrm. Tiny garden. 40-year lease at £6,500 o.n.o. incl. all fitted carpets, many fittings. SLO. 5358.

PERIOD House or Cottage to rent or buy. Mod. cons. not essential. Outskirts of London. Box 2007.

READERS' MARKET

FOR sale: Lovis Corinth, 2 original framed macabre etchings, £5; new unused Encyclopædia Britannica, £40; Ski-ing outfit, gent. 5ft 8in, boots 9½, also lady's, 5ft 5in, boots 5½, complete, excellent condition, Swiss-made, owner going tropics; Brunsviga Calculating Machine, £35; Grundig Tape Recorder, TK9, as new 55 gns. (cost 65gns.)

WANTED: Trotsky, James, Borkenau, Rosenberg, Soviet Studies, Comintern; "The Young Joseph," by Thomas Mann; Early Volumes "Le Rire," state price; toy pram, good condition.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STOLL, HOL. 3703. Ingrid Bergman in Honegger's Joan of Arc, dir. Rossellini. Ev. 8, S. 2.30. Ends Nov. 13. 3s. 6d.-30s.

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex. M.), St. Sun. 5, 8. "The Immoralist." Mems. 10s. yrly.

TH. Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. "The Good Soldier Schweik." Hasek.

IRVING Th., Leics. Sq. WHI. 8657. Ntly. ex. Mon., 10.30, Sun. 9.30 "Late Night Party." Mems. 10s. yr. incldg. Guest Ticket.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Montserrat." Fris., Sats., Suns., 7.30. Mem. 2s. 6d. p.a.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Maxim Gorki Trilogy repeated. Until Nov. 7: "The Childhood of Maxim Gorki" (A). From Nov. 8: "My Apprenticeship" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Oct. 31, 7.30. "Les Compagnes de la Nuit" (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 6. Al Jolson, Harry Langdon in "Lazybones" (U). Dir. Lewis Milestone. 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to publ.

I.C.A. Dancing to the Dave Stevens Trio, Saturday, November 6, 8-11 p.m. at Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Members 3s., guests 5s. and on Saturday, November 13, Collages Dance. Dancing to George Melly and his Lions of Belfort. Come in a Collage. From 8-12 o'clock. Members 5s., guests 7s. 6d. Membership invited.

MAPAM. Oneg. Sat. Nov. 13, 8 p.m. Paul Robeson evening. Records & readings. Barclay House, 783 Finchley Road, N.W.11. MAI. 1993.

CONCERTS

HAMPSTEAD Choral Society. Hampstead Parish Church, at 8 p.m. on Sat., Nov. 6. Britten's Rejoice in the Lamb; Bach's Cantata No. 11; and works by Schutz and Buxtehude (sung by Peter Pears) and Vaughan Williams. Programmes 3s. 6d. and 5s. at door.

ROYAL Festival Hall Recital Room, Mon., Nov. 8, at 8.15. The Younger Friends of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Ltd., present Shulamith Shafir—Piano Recital of wks. by Scarlatti, Beethoven, Chopin, Debussy & Liszt. WAT. 3191.

MOZART'S "Il Re Pastore," stage perf., prod. Colin Graham. St. Pancras Town Hall. Mon., Nov. 8, 7.30 Ilse Wolf, Patricia Clark, Jeannette Sinclair, David Galliver, Leslie Fyson, Haydn Orch., Cond. H. Ucko. 10s. 6d. 7s. 6d. Chappells, Mai. 6897; at door.

BACH—Sonata No. 1 in B minor; Goldberg Variations. Millicent Silver (Harpsichord); John Francis (Flute). Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room, Saturday, November 6, at 8.15. WAT. 3191.

CHELSEA Town Hall, Thurs. next, Nov. 11, at 8. Hurwitz Chamber Ensemble. Joyce Rathbone piano. Mozart programme. Divertimento in D Adagio & Fugue, Symphonia Concertante Vln. Vla., Concerto Eb K449, Serenata Notturna.

SOIREE Offenbach. Wigmore Hall, Weds., Nov. 10 at 7.30. A repeat of the Edinburgh Festival programme with Liliane Berton, Raymond Amade, Bernard Lefort and Germaine Taillefetre, introduced by the Earl of Harewood. (8ième Concert de Musique Française.) Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. from Hall. WEL. 2141.

HORNIMAN Museum and Library, London Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23. Free Concerts on Wednesday evenings 7.45 p.m. Nov. 10: Wind Chamber Music on original 18th century instruments. Movements from wind quintets, trios and sonatas played by Wilfred Smith, flute; James McGillivray, oboe; Louis Leff, clarinet; Anthony Baines, bassoon; Morley Pegge horn; with Joan Rimmer, piano Nov. 17: Music for the Lute, Vihuela and Chitarrone. 1507-1620. Seats may be reserved on applin. to the Curator.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illus. catalogue 1s. post free.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. French Paintings of the 19th and 20th Centuries; Fabric Collages with some stained glass by Margaret Kaye.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Tschelitchew Paintings and Drawings till November 20.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Collages Exhibition. Arranged by Lawrence Alloway. Mond.-Sat. 10.30-6 p.m. Closed Suns. Adm. 1s., members free.

GALLERY One, 1 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Paintings by Patrick Hayman. 11-5.30.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Frank Dobson Exhib. and recent pictures by Anthony Gross. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibition: Child Welfare through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

"LONDON": Exhibition of paintings by local artists, organised by Finsbury Art Group (Chairman: Eric Newton). Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadlers Wells). Tues., Nov. 9 to Sat., Nov. 20. Daily except Sunday, 12.30-7.30. Adm. free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

ABBE Breuil. Exhibition of drawings of Palaeolithic cave art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 13. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free. (Closed Mon., Nov. 8.)

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. A group of French paintings of the XIX and XX Centuries. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Opening Nov. 9: Collectors' Choice IV. French XIX & XX Centuries, incl. an important protocubist work by Picasso.

CONTEMPORARY jewellery by Alan Davie, Finmar occasional furniture, Klint shades, Kosta glassware. Other lovely things by local artists and craftsmen. The Hampstead Gallery, 12 Perrins Court, N.W.3.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State and Private Apartments with period furniture, 8 rooms fully furnished. New restorations and exhibits. Daily 10-5, including Sundays.

ZWEMMER Gallery. Ed. Bawden, Carel Weight, John O'Connor. Oct. 20-Nov. 11. 10-6 inc. Sats. 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters—Boudin, Corot, Degas, Picasso, Renoir, etc. Until Nov. 20. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

NEW English Art Club: R. B. A. Galls., Pall Mall East, S.W.1. 10-5 inc. Sats. 1s.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Gaudier-Brzeska, Drawings & Sculpture. Denis Wirth-Miller, "Studies of a Dog in Movement" paintings 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ROBERT Lutyens: First Exhibition, at the Matthiesen Gallery, 142 New Bond St., London, W.1. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until November 11.

CONTEMPORARY-minded? Come and choose your pictures, pottery, glassware, Christmas cards from The Hampstead Gallery, 12 Perrins Court, N.W.3.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Paintings & Drawings, Henry Sanders. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Suns. 2-5, until Nov. 19.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: The Creighton Lecture, entitled "Woodrow Wilson," will be given by Professor H. Hale Bellot at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1, on Monday, November 15, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by H.E. The American Ambassador. Admission free, without ticket.

JOYCE Cary on "Writer & Reader" at Hampstead Town Hall, 8 p.m., November 11. Admission free.

FORTIETH Anniversary Meeting "Our Visit to China." John Baird, M.P., George Doughty, Ben Parkin, M.P. Chair: Basil Davidson. Saturday, Nov. 20, 7.30, Caxton Hall, London, S.W.1. Tickets 1s. Union of Democratic Control, 21 Strutton Ground, London, S.W.1.

HUGH Seton-Watson on Social Conflict and International Power—Fabian Autumn Lecture, November 9, 7.15. Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Other speakers in series: J. Bronowski, R. H. S. Crossman, Patrick Gordon-Walker, Francis Williams. Details 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Dr. Raphael Powell: "The Jew in English Law Cases." Nov. 8, Horse Shoe Hotel (next Dominion Th.). 8 p.m. Vis. 2s. 6d.

WHAT Next In Europe?—Speaker Miss F. L. Josephy (Translator at International Conferences) Friday, November 12, Alliance Hall, Palmer St. (opposite West Exit St. James's Park Stn.), 7 p.m. Coffee 6.30. Adm. free, silver collection. Fawcett Society.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., Nov. 5, 6.30-8 p.m., Russian Conversation. 8 p.m. Dr. Prince Obolensky: "Russia's Byzantine Inheritance."

"ISRAEL." Dr. Basil Bard, New Generation Group, Burgh House, Flask Walk, Nr. Hampstead Tube. Mon., Nov. 8, at 8.

J. F. HORRABIN: "World-Powers—Yesterday and To-day," Hampstead Ethical Society, 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Green, Sun., Nov. 7, at 7.15 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1., Friday, November 5, 8.15 p.m. Fourth in a series of six illustrated lectures on Outlines of Jazz. Harlem Jazz—Ellington and the 1930's by Charles Fox. Chair: David Sylvester. Members 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d. Sunday, 7: Concert, 8.15 p.m. At Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square, W.1 (nearest Underground, Warren St.). Given by Vegh String Quartet. Programme: Lyric Suite by Alban Berg, String Quartet No. 5 by Bartok. Members free, non-members 5s. Wednesday, 10, 8.15 p.m. Discussion: News From Abroad: China. Speakers: Professor A. J. Ayer, Sir Hugh Casson, Rex Warner. Chair: William Empson. Members only, 2s. Membership invited.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. H. Collinson, Gen. Sec., N.U.A.W.: "Wealth under our Feet." Wednesday, November 10, 7.30 p.m.: St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. Visitors 2s.

"THE Structure of the Government of Israel." The Hon. Edwin Samuel, C.M.G., President of P.A.T.W.A. in Great Britain. Wednesday, November 10, 8.15 p.m. Hillel House, 1 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1. P.A.T.W.A. members & others welcome.

"DOUBLE-Crossing the Atlantic." Spkrs.: Capt. Harcourt-Smith and Comdr. Hight (of tiny m.v. Aries). Fri., Nov. 5, 7.30: Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1.

TALK by Sri Yogacharya B.C. Nandi, B.A., on Yoga Vedanta on Sunday, November 7, 3 p.m. Please apply for admission cards to the Secretary, The Y.P.S. School, 2 Cadogan Gardens, S.W.3. SLOane 6994.

UNDER the Auspices of the London Society of Jews & Christians, The Very Rev. E. N. Porter Goff & the Rev. I. Livingstone will speak on The Scope and Limitations of Co-operation Between Jews and Christians in Human Service, with Hon. Lily Montagu, O.B.E., J.P., in the Chair on Tuesday, November 16 at 8.15 p.m. at Kings Weigh House Church Hall, Binney Street, Oxford Street, W.1. All are welcome.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Nov. 11, 7.30: Exposition of the Bhagavad-Gita. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club. Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. November 13, 6 p.m. Miss Nathalie Dolmetsch: Orchestral Recital.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Nov. 7. Hector Hawton, "The Problem of Evil." Adm. free. Free copy Monthly Record on request. Chamber Concert, 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

SCIENCE and the Modern World. Ritchie Calder and Prof. C. A. Coulson are among speakers at C.E.W.C. Conference, P.E.P., 16 Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1. Nov. 13, 10.30 a.m. Details: Assistant Sec., 25 Charles Street, W.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesdays, at 7 p.m. Nov. 9. Dr. W. Bier, "The Problem of Cruelty." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Nov. 5. Speaker to be announced, "The Political Situation in Austria." Nov. 12, Madame A. M. Matley, "French Contemporary Literature." Adm. free. Handbills on request.

GEFFRYE Museum, Kingsland Rd., E.2. Public Lectures. Eating and Drinking. The Story of Food. By Miss Gladys Scott Thomson, M.A., F.S.A. Tuesdays at 7 p.m., November 9—Recent Times. Admission free.

YOGA. Talk. To Be Or Not To Be. Wed. Nov. 10, Emmanuel Church Hall, 389a, Harrow Rd., W.9, 7.30 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d.

UNIVERSAL Ethics for Children—Socratic method. Sunday morns. Free—write free literature: Box 1959.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Western Policy and the Communist Powers." The West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, Nov. 7, at 7 p.m.

MITCHAM Town Hall, Tues., Nov. 9, 8 Palme Dutt, Vice-Ch., Communist Pty.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LEIGHTON House, Holland Park Road, Kensington. Leather and Quill. Lecture-recital on Harpsichord by Niso Ticciati. Nov. 12, 8 p.m. Admission free.

"WOMEN in New China," Mrs. Hetta Empson. Wed., Nov. 10, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1, 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s.

YOGA. Talks on its Theory and Practice. Tuesdays, 6.30, Caxton Hall. Subject for Nov. 9: "Aspects of Yoga." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free. Lectures on Yoga also every Wed. and Fri., 8, at 29 Chepstow Villas, W.11.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture. Sundays, 8 p.m. Nov. 7: "Man Makes His Destiny."

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 p.m., Sunday, Nov. 7. Studio, 29 Addison Avenue, W.11 (nr. Holland Park Station). Discourse "The Kingdom of God."

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Branch, Public lecture, 8.15, Fri., Nov. 12. Mr. Colin Jackson: "North Africa." 62 Queen's Gardens, Bayswater.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Some Aspects of Seventeenth-Century Prose" will be given by Professor F. P. Wilson (Oxford) at 5.30 p.m. on November 11, 18 and 25 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Nov. 11: "Introductory"; Nov. 18: "Robert Burton"; Nov. 25: "Sir Thomas Browne." Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham, Residential Courses at Westham House, near Warwick. French Week-end Nov. 26-28. French Week, Dec. 29-Jan. 5. Details: Extra-Mural Dept., Univ., Edmund St., Birmingham.

"TEN Years After the 1944 Education Act" series of lectures at 7 p.m. on Weds., Nov. 10, 17, 24, at Ministry of Labour and National Service, Hanway House, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Tickets, 1s. each or 2s. 6d. for series, and further details from W.E.A. London District, 28 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

THE Dynamics of the Group. Progressive League Conference, Nov. 26/28, at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts. Speakers: Kraupl Taylor—"Group Structure & Interaction"; Michael Chance—"The Psychology of Animal Communities" (with films); Paul Senft—"Spontaneous Action Therapy"; Marjorie Abercrombie—"Learning to Think in Groups"; Marjorie Hourd—"Creating in Groups." Bookings with full fee to Lawrence Hilson, 12 Queens Drive, N.4. £2 17s. 6d. (members £2 12s. 6d.).

URCHFONT Manor. Weekend Nov. 19-21: "The Art of the 18th Century." Lectures and discussions on the subject of the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition for 1955. Dec. 30-Jan. 2, 1955: "Writing for Radio." A comparison of the Broadcast medium with other forms of communication, examination of techniques and practical work. Spring Programme available shortly from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts.

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